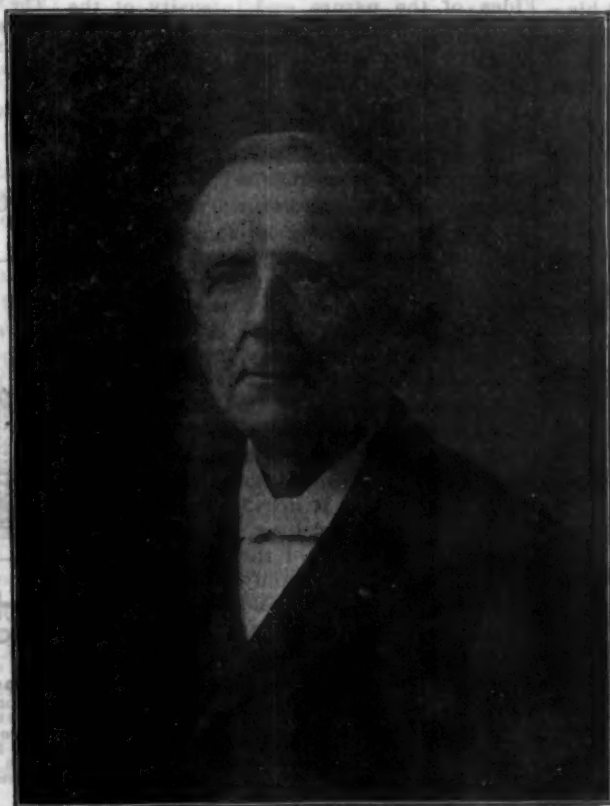


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# Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 12, 1903



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REV. F. B. MEYER, B. A.

See "Some Famous English Preachers of Today," page 1014.

## QUIT YOU LIKE MEN

"Quit you like men; be strong."—1 Cor. 16: 13.

If you walk your way with a fearless tread,  
You will find some shade on the weary road;

If you go your way, neither forced nor led,  
You may taste grim toil, but will feel no goad,

And will gather strength as you bear  
your load.

If the cup is filled, it is yours to drink,  
Though the brim be touched by a bitter draught;

There are gibes for you if you seem to shrink,  
And the taunting jest and the biting shaft

Are the mead of him with a cup un-  
quaffed.

And the word is this: That the man who  
whines

Or complains aloud of the cold or heat,  
Or the labor, falls in the hardest lines,

For he drowns the sound of the music  
sweet

That is meant to time all the trudging  
feet.

But the one who knows where the bitter is,  
Will one day come to the cup again

And find rare wine in that draught of his—  
That draught of his, which was bitter,  
then—

For he is of those who are quit like men.

And the greatest deed that a man may do—  
Though he work with cunning, thought  
and plan;

Though his acts be known all the ages  
through;

Though he walk behind; though he lead  
the van—

It is this, that he make himself a Man.

If you quit yourself as a man is quit,

There will be no one who will wisely nod  
Or will wag the tongue with a waspish  
wit—

But with head erect you may walk  
abroad

In the face of mankind and your God.

—Selected.

## Will They Imprison Rev. Reginald J. Campbell?

From Boston Transcript.

THE announcement that Rev. Reginald J. Campbell, of London, has curtailed his visit to this country, and will sail for England on next Saturday to assist the Nonconformists in their struggle against the working of the Education act, is of much significance. The reverend gentleman is one of the most prominent clergymen in England. He was one of the first, if not the first, to advise Nonconformists to resist the law by a refusal to pay the school tax levied by virtue of the Education act. That advice has been generally followed throughout England, and a storm has arisen that grows fiercer day after day. The authorities seize property belonging to those who refuse to pay the tax and sell it by public auction. Great crowds attend these sales, who pass resolutions denouncing the law. In several places it is difficult to get auctioneers to sell the property. In some places no one could be found to bid on it in the presence of the assembled crowd, who are offering "passive resistance" to the law.

Here is an instance of how the struggle is carried on: On Tuesday, July 21, in the village of Pocklington, Yorkshire, the goods of nine passive resisters were advertised to be sold on that day. But all the auctioneers in the village refused to conduct

the sale, and the authorities were obliged to procure the services of a Mr. Sharp, an auctioneer of Market Weighton. On the arrival of Mr. Sharp at the railroad station he was met by a large crowd of sympathizers with the passive resistance movement, who expressed their opinion of him in forcible language and followed him along the street until he took refuge in a lawyer's office. A rotten egg had been thrown which barely missed his hat. Some of the crowd hurriedly devised an effigy of the imported auctioneer, which they carried to and fro before the office in which he remained. After the lapse of some time Mr. Flint, one of the most prominent passive resisters, announced to the crowd that Mr. Sharp had declined to sell, owing to his being unable to come to terms. Great cheering followed the announcement. And then the crowd, which numbered about five hundred men, marched in procession to the market place, where an enthusiastic meeting was held, forcible speeches were made, and strong resolutions adopted condemning the Education act, its authors and abettors. Such was the method of passive resistance in a small Yorkshire village the other day.

By multiplying such proceedings many times, extending them over the length and breadth of England, one may get a fair idea of the nature and intensity of the storm beginning to rage. The methods of passive resistance adopted resemble very much those practiced for many years by the Irish Land Leaguers. Special laws were made to deal with the latter, but Parliament will hesitate to treat English Nonconformists as it treated the Irish Leaguers. The former are a powerful body of voters in the heart of the English body politic, sufficiently powerful by voting together to make or unmake governments. It will hardly pay politically to make martyrs of them.

The situation is a very interesting one, well worth watching as it develops. Rev. Mr. Campbell has intimated that he would possibly be arrested and locked up in Bedford prison on his return home, and said he hoped the Government would take such a course. Whether it does so or not, it will be decidedly interesting to see how it treats a great body of the electorate who resist the law boldly and openly advocate that it be resisted. It will also be interesting to watch how much the next general election will be affected by the storm now sweeping over England.

## Pasteurized Milk

From Boston Herald.

PHILADELPHIA is rejoicing over the establishment in that city of a plant for pasteurizing milk for children, which was opened for business yesterday. The initiation of this scheme is largely due to the insistence of the Philadelphia Press. That newspaper has advocated the establishment of such a plant for a long time, and has had in its benevolent effort the constant counsel and sympathy of Mr. Straus, who, at his own expense, provided depots of supply for such milk in New York. Unquestionably he has been the means of saving the lives of thousands upon thousands of infants who, but for such supply, would have perished. The mayor and the head of the health board in Philadelphia have been enlisted in the cause. A disused school building has been availed of for setting up the machinery, and the life saving work has begun. Philadelphians, for some reasons, find greater difficulty in obtaining good milk than the people of other cities. The death-rate among young children has been dreadful.

The Press says: "Every quarter-hour a child is born in this city, and of the four children born every hour one dies for lack of the food this charity gives."

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### Proposed Naval Reserve

THE general board of the Navy has decided to recommend the passage of legislation constituting a United States Naval Reserve, and it is understood that the project has the approval of President Roosevelt and Secretary Moody. The membership of the Reserve, which would have a solidarity and standing not attained by the several Naval Militia organizations of the different States, would be recruited from the ranks of men who have led a seafaring life, the enrollment being for a period of five years. In time of war the Reserve would be used as an inner line of defence, acting in conjunction with the life-saving service and the revenue-cutter service. The members of the Reserve, being regarded as engaged in the service of the United States, could be called out by the President directly when emergency demanded. The board favors the suggestion that all graduates of the Naval Academy who have been honorably discharged, all officers, petty officers, and enlisted men who served in the regular Navy during the war with Spain, and all officers and men who have served three years continuously in the Naval Militia, shall receive preference for appointment as officers and petty officers in the Naval Reserve.

### Improved Foot-Cycle

A GERMAN inventor has designed a foot-cycle of improved construction, in which, according to the *Scientific American*, the springs for raising the foot usually found in such devices are avoided, thus rendering the support steady and even when the person is at rest. The driving wheel is located under the centre of pressure of the wearer's foot, which enables the person to move in smaller circles than with constructions hitherto adopted. Two spring pawls are secured to an extension from the foot-plate, and are adapted when pressed downward to engage projections formed on an endless chain, but to slide by the projections when drawn upward. At every downward stroke of the foot the chain is thus driven forward positively, its motion being com-

municated through intermediate gearing to the driving wheel. On the forward end of the device a brake is situated, which by downward pressure at the toe may be operated frictionally to engage the driving wheel.

### Mt. Pelée's New Top

PROF. ANGELO HEILPRIN, who has just returned from a two months' visit to Mt. Pelée, on the island of Martinique, reports as a distinguishing feature of that unique volcano the formation of a giant tower or obelisk of rock which is being extruded from the summit of the newly-made cone. The obelisk rises almost vertically 840 feet above the summit of the cone proper, with a thickness at the base of from 300 to 350 feet. The old summit of Mt. Pelée, which was rounded and about 4,000 feet high, is now overtopped by this new creation of nearly 1,000 feet in height, which Professor Heilprin calls "Nature's monument to the dead." The total height of the grand but gloomy mountain thus amounts to nearly 5,000 feet, and the huge mass constitutes the greatest volcanic spectacle on earth.

### Decrease of the Birth-rate

ACCORDING to figures quoted by Dr. George E. Engelman in the *Popular Science Monthly*, the birth-rate in America is decreasing, although not decreasing so rapidly in the families of college graduates as among the less highly educated families of the community. In 1800 the average number of children to a family was 8; in 1830, 4.6; in 1860, 3.33; in 1872, 2.45; and in 1900, among the upper classes of Boston, 1.9. The birth-rate appears to have been decreasing slowly in the Old World, but with great rapidity in the New World. The average rate of fecundity of the native American family is 2.7, but the perils of infancy reduce this figure by a certain proportion, so that the surviving rate is only 1.9—not sufficient for replacement. This family shrinkage Dr. Engelman attributes to the strenuous, nerve-racking life of the day, the struggle for a luxurious existence, and a morbid craving for social dissipations and advancement. The phenomenon of a decreasing population in presence of an increasing food supply is sufficiently startling to cause general inquiry and discussion. Malthus held that population increases in a geometrical ratio, while subsistence increases only in an arithmetical ratio. He would be surprised, if alive today, to hear of population diminishing in face of a greater supply of the means of subsistence, although the latter term is, of course, a relative expression, not capable of exact mathematical formulation, and having different meanings for different

generations. American society at the present day appears to contain a large number of practical if not theoretic Malthusians.

### South American Conditions

THAT South American conditions are very dissimilar from those which prevail in North America, is a fact brought out with clearness and fullness of detail in an article on "Ethnic Factors in South America," contributed by Dr. Talcott Williams to the current bi-monthly publication of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. The areas of North and South America are not greatly dissimilar, but while in the former continent nearly one-half of the area is found between the 30th and 50th parallels of north latitude, in South America only about one-eighth of the area is found between the 30th and 50th parallels of south latitude, which means that while three-quarters of South America is in the tropical zone, only one-fourteenth of the area of North America is thus located. Geologically North America is a region which has been slowly built up from earliest paleozoic times over a broad and differentiated area, while South America represents the comparatively recent emergence of a great chain of mountains, flanked by an immense plain. Of the 40,000,000 population of the southern continent probably not over 8,000,000 are of pure white blood, the situation thus presented being that of a small white Spanish-speaking element endeavoring to advance, under odds of nearly six to one, the belated civilization represented by the traditions of the Latin races of Southern Europe. Since the eighteenth century the greater number of South American countries appear to have ceased to grow in population and wealth—Paraguay, and perhaps also Brazil, having retrograded, Bolivia and Peru remaining stationary, and Venezuela and Colombia making slow, if any, progress. Argentina has a larger white population, and in Chile a successful blend has been made of the Spanish and Araucanian stocks—for the latter, the aboriginal stock of Chile, was one of the highest Indian races on the continent. There are probably three times as many negroes in North America, according to Dr. Williams, than there are in South America. He calls attention to the interesting fact that the war waged for centuries between the Spanish Goth and the Spanish Moor has been transferred to this side of the Atlantic and taken up by the representatives of those races in Chile, Peru and Argentina. Dr. Williams' conclusion is that in the greater part of South America white people cannot prosper; and yet it is only in those countries where a considerable percent



of white persons is found that assurance is afforded of industrial, social and political progress.

#### Loss of Life on Railroads

THE report of the Interstate Commerce Commission on railroad accidents in the United States for the three months ending March 31 last, shows that in that quarter 300 persons were killed and 2,834 injured in train accidents. Other kinds of accidents on or about railways, including those sustained by employees while at work and by passengers in getting on or off cars, bring the aggregate of casualties up to 827 killed and 11,411 injured. There were 1,650 collisions and 1,181 cases where cars were thrown from the rails, causing damage to cars, engines and roadways to the amount of \$2,491,046. In England, where the laws governing railway traffic are more stringent than in the United States, the number of accidents on railroads averages much less.

#### Growing Scourge of Cancer

THE fact that the death-rate from cancer in England is growing, is causing much discussion, and has impelled King Edward to give his special endorsement to the creation of a research fund for the discovery of the cause and cure of the dread disease. In Great Britain deaths from cancer have increased from 242 males and 519 females a year per 1,000,000 of population during the period 1861-1870, to 672 males and 977 females at present. From this it appears that the death-rate from cancer has more than doubled in thirty years. In Massachusetts the death-rate has risen from 3.5 per thousand of population in 1875 to 7.1 in 1900. Although the rate has doubled in both countries, it has all along been higher in England than here. As cancer is not a disease which could be easily mistaken and misrepresented in reports, is to be feared that in this case figures do not lie. Despite the better sanitary, hygienic and economic conditions which prevail in many quarters, the spread of the disease is appalling, and no satisfactory explanations of the causes of the malady have yet been afforded. Whether the herding of great masses of people in cities, or the adulteration of foods, has anything to do with the case remains a subject for investigation. Physicians and bacteriologists are hoping that the fund started in England, which has now reached \$250,000, will stimulate research until an effective remedy for, or preventive of, the disease may be discovered.

#### Postmasters' Convention

THE National Association of Postmasters closed a four days' conference in this city last Friday. The Post-office Department is larger than all other departments of the Government combined, both in the number of its employees and the amount of money handled, which during the last fiscal year aggregated nearly one billion dollars. Yet, as Captain H. A. Castle, in an address on defects in the postal system, pointed out, there are only two men interested in the system as a whole — the Postmaster-General and the auditor — as each of the four assistants has at present a special department. In

the opinion of Captain Castle there is too much concentration at Washington and too little discretion. The topic, "What Constitutes an Up-to-date Postmaster?" proved a live theme at the conference. It was agreed that a postmaster should be, first of all, a postal official, and honest, but also courteous and good-natured though not officious, and able to get on with men and the public. It was suggested that the chief qualification of a good postmaster is to have a good assistant postmaster. The convention voiced its composite opinion on postal questions in resolutions advocating a reclassification of clerks, the adoption of the "Hubbard stamp certificate" to relieve the public from the annoyance of using postage stamps for small remittances, the building of good roads, and interchangeability of rural carriers.

#### Pius X. Crowned

POPE PIUS X. was crowned last Sunday in the basilica of St. Peter's, in the presence of princes and high dignitaries, diplomats and nobles, with an elaboration of solemn splendor characteristic of the Roman Church. For the ceremonies 70,000 tickets had been issued, and the great basilica quite overflowed with humanity. A papal throne of gold and silver forty feet high was erected in front of the high altar. The ceremonies occupied five hours. The crowds gave vent to their enthusiasm with cheers. The gorgeous rites culminated in the imposition of the triple crown, while Cardinal Macchi pronounced in Latin the words: "Receive the tiara ornamented with three crowns! Remember that thou art the Father of Princes and Kings, the Rector of the World, and Vicar on Earth of our Saviour Jesus Christ, whose is the honor and glory of all the centuries." The Pope was much overcome by the services, and had scarcely strength left to pronounce the apostolic benediction.

#### Retirement of General Miles

AUGUST 8, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles was placed on the retired list of the Army, having reached the age of sixty-four years, and is succeeded by Lieutenant-General S. B. M. Young, who a week later becomes chief of the general staff. General Miles' retirement has not been announced by the President himself, with a congratulatory reference to his distinguished services (such as President Cleveland made in laudation of Lieutenant-General Schofield when he issued an order for his retirement in 1895), but the announcement has been made in briefest routine form by the Secretary of War. In a "general order" issued on the occasion of his leaving active service General Miles records his appreciation of "the fidelity manifested by the officers and soldiers during the past eventful years;" declares that the "boast that every soldier of a great nation carried a marshal's baton in his knapsack is in a higher sense more than equaled in significance by the fact that every American soldier personifies sovereign citizenship;" points out that in the discharge of its manifold duties the army "has confronted enemies representing every stage of human development from the highest civilization yet obtained to savagery and barbarism;"

and affirms that the events of recent years have placed upon the Army "a new obligation and an opportunity for a broader exemplification of its country's principles" by upholding "exact justice, immunity from violence, and equality before the law." Much regret is felt by General Miles' friends that this distinguished son of Massachusetts should not have been the last to occupy the office of Lieutenant-General — which General Young can hold only a week, since it is abolished by the new general staff law.

#### Commerce with Russia

THE controversy that is in progress with reference to the opening of ports in Manchuria, and also the agitation of the idea of an Alaska-Siberian railway, lends interest to figures presented by the Department of Commerce and Labor, through its bureau of statistics, regarding commerce between this country and Russia — trade which during the fiscal year just ended made a higher record, both as to exports and imports, than at any time within the past twenty years. The total exports to Russia during the year ending June 30, 1903, aggregated \$17,606,812, which was nearly double the exports in 1901, and about fifty per cent. in excess of those of 1902. The imports also showed a marked growth for the past year, and, indeed, were greater than in any preceding year in the history of our trade with Russia. Cotton, agricultural implements and manufactures of iron and steel are the most important factors in the export trade, the value of the cotton exported in 1902 alone amounting to over \$3,000,000. During the year 1903 the total of the exports to the Baltic and White Seas was \$18,399,370. The exports to Black Sea ports were less than \$3,000,000, while those to Asiatic Russia and to Russian China amounted to less than a million dollars. In the exports to ports on the Baltic and White Seas cotton predominates, while the largest single item of exports to Black Sea points consists of agricultural implements.

#### Opening of the Rosebud Lands

AN area of 650 square miles in the famous Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota — celebrated in the history of the United States as the scene of the combats, forensic and otherwise, of Red Cloud, Spotted Tail, and other Sioux chiefs great in the eyes of a host of savage admirers, and noted in a less spectacular way as a region where a good deal of quiet missionary work has more lately been carried on — is soon to be opened for settlement, under an amended treaty with the Indians, for which most of the necessary signatures have been obtained. The Rosebud Agency, while by no means a paradise, is a pleasing combination of prairies, hills, "buttes," and timber-lands. The water is in general fit for use, though in many places alkaline, and the soil is said to be admirably adapted for farming. Although the reservation is situated in the semi-arid belt on the northern Nebraska boundary, wheat may generally be grown with little effort. After thirty years of experimenting with the Sioux, during which it has partially supported them in



idleness, the Government has come to the conclusion that the wisest way is to encourage the Indians to become agriculturists, and now many Sioux may be seen earning \$1.25 a day with pick and shovel at road building. The policy of helping the Indian to help himself has proved very successful. If the white men come into the Rosebud region, the stimulation of their example will, it is hoped, incite the Indians to further efforts to attain to self-support, although the history of such settlements in times past has proved that the society of the kind of white men that first rush to new regions is not very uplifting to the untutored red man.

#### Case of Chinese Reformers

THE case of the editor and staff of the *Supao*, a Chinese reform organ at Shanghai, whose extradition on the ground of seditious utterances has been demanded by the Chinese Government, has attracted much attention, in view of the unwillingness of most of the foreign ministers to agree to the surrender of the journalist reformers. This reluctance has been strengthened by the fact that the reformer Shen Chien was, by order of the Empress, beaten, July 31, with rods for hours and then strangled. A like fate would await the Shanghai reformers, if surrendered. Ministers who represent despotism, such as Russia, have been inclined to grant the request of the Empress, while the British Minister has been instructed to resist the demand, and Minister Conger has been wavering. It is surmised that a desire to render more easy of accomplishment the opening of treaty ports has prompted some of the ministers to consider seriously the abandonment of the reformers to the cruel rage of the Empress Dowager, but the protests against such surrender that have been voiced in the press of America, and to some extent of Europe, have stiffened the determination of the majority not to yield to China's demand. As the accused men are political prisoners, it is optional with the civilized governments, whose representatives in China have all along been exercising a virtual control over that country, whether or not they surrender them.

#### Balkan Revolt

THE trouble in the Balkans appears to be reaching an acute stage. A Vienna despatch last week announced that the Macedonian Central Revolutionary Committee has fixed Aug. 31 as the date for a general rising, and that a leading agitator by the name of Boris Saraffoff has been appointed commander of the revolutionary forces. The general situation in the vilayet of Monastir (which is almost as much Albanian as Macedonian) is steadily growing worse, and it is reported that Albanian troops will be employed by the Porte, in which event massacres are regarded as almost inevitable. In that single vilayet 10,000 insurgents are said to be operating against the troops, and 10,000 more to be in the field in the neighborhood of Castoria. A military cordon has been drawn around Monastir. Turkish troops employing artillery routed 1,700 Bulgarians, August 6, at Sotovitich. In the district of Krushevo the govern-

ment telegraph offices have been blown up with dynamite, and insurgent bands are active. Fears are entertained at Vienna lest Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria be forced into a war with Turkey, and King Peter of Serbia is an unknown factor in the situation. The disturbances which have broken out in Armenia are thought to strengthen the cause of the Macedonians by attracting the sympathy of Europe and leading to a reopening of the whole Eastern question. The Macedonian Revolutionary Committee will shortly circulate a petition addressed to the Powers stating the objects of the revolution, among which is self-government. M. Rostkovski, the Russian Consul at Monastir, has been shot by a Turkish gendarme whom the consul reproved for a failure to salute him.

#### FACTS WORTH NOTING

Nine British journalists are visiting Canada. They represent some of the leading publications in England, Ireland and Scotland, and have come over for the purpose of gathering information that will make Canada better known in the mother country.

Reginald H. Ward, a Bostonian, and a great-grandson of General Artemas Ward of Revolutionary War fame, has been appointed Roumanian Consul in London. Five years ago he removed to London and acquired the title of "Count." He is said to be a man of large fortune.

The 200th anniversary of the birth of Jonathan Edwards is to be celebrated in Stockbridge in October, where Edwards wrote his "Freedom of the Will." The principal speaker is to be Rev. John De Witt, of Princeton. Justice David A. Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, who is a native of Stockbridge, will make an address in the evening.

A Berlin physician states that out of 1,000 girls who played the piano before the age of twelve years he found 600 cases of nervous diseases, whereas out of the same number of children who did not play that instrument he found but 100 cases. He gives it as his opinion that the piano should never be played by a child before the age of sixteen, and then only two hours a day at the maximum.

A movement has been started in Boston to prosecute soda-water fountain owners whose fountains are found to be unclean, rusty, or the copper interiors covered with verdigris, and also those who use impure chemicals or flavors. Numerous cases of typhoid ptomaines and inflammation have been directly traced to cheap, impure sodas and ill-kept fountains. At summer resorts many second-hand fountains which have never been cleaned are said to be in use.

Another case of "the air brakes failed to work" is reported from Michigan, where in the railway yard at Durand last Friday the second section of a circus train ran into the first section, killing twenty-one persons and slaughtering some of the animals. The engineer of the rear train says he saw the red light on the caboose of the first section, and applied the brakes, but they would not work. The greatest loss of life was in the caboose. In spite of the shock there was comparatively little excitement among the wild animals, none of which succeeded in making their escape into the town.

Dr. Wiley, in addition to his tests of adulterated foods, is soon to begin a series of experiments for the purpose of showing the effect of pure and of adulterated tobacco upon the digestive apparatus of the human

system. It is his intention to take men who are regular smokers and ascertain their physical condition as to heart action, breathing and digestion while continuing the use of tobacco under normal conditions, and then to have them suddenly cease the use of tobacco entirely, while the observations are continued.

Assistant Secretary of State Francis B. Loomis, one of the American delegates to the approaching Red Cross Conference in Geneva, has been collecting extensive data respecting the conduct of the Red Cross by military powers. His report when presented will be made the basis of a plan by which the expelled members of the American Red Cross Society will try to induce Congress to enact legislation for Government control of the Red Cross in time of war or calamity.

"Khaki," a uniform which will forever be associated with the Boer War, is being abolished in the English Army. The King is said to have had a hand in bringing about the change. The new campaigning and field dress is of bluish gray material known throughout Scotland as "athol gray." It has long been a favorite color with the King, although there are more practical reasons than that for the introduction of the new uniform by the War Department. Among military men the change is popular.

President Roosevelt has written a letter to Governor Durbin of Indiana, who took such vigorous action in connection with the Evansville lynching, commending his active repression of mob violence, and declaring: "The nation, like the individual, cannot commit a crime with impunity. . . . Where we permit the law to be defied or evaded, whether by rich man or poor man, by black or white, we are by just as much weakening the bonds of our civilization and increasing the chances of its overthrow, and of the substitution thereof of a system in which there shall be violent alternations of anarchy and tyranny."

A sentiment in favor of annexation with Canada has developed on the island of Trinidad. Such annexation is said to be now a leading topic of discussion in the British West Indies. A preliminary step toward annexation is a proposed federation of all the British West Indian possessions. The Trinidad government has twice changed its tariff to accommodate the United States, and the residents of the island feel aggrieved at what they consider unfair treatment by this country.

Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, has accepted the offer of the British Government of an extension of his term of office, or, more exactly, of a reappointment to office after a stay in England in 1904. In his acceptance of this offer Lord Curzon refers to the strain on his health, and the fact that only two viceroys in the past fifty years have remained in office beyond five years; but declares that that is too short a term for a Government which has embarked on wide schemes of reform, and confesses to the feeling that it would be a neglect of duty to abandon now his share of the work.

Professor Slaby, of Berlin, the wireless telegraph expert, considers that he has proved beyond doubt, after exhaustive experiments, that the surface of the earth plays an important part as a conductor of telegraphic electric waves, for which the air has hitherto been generally regarded as the only conductor. The Professor constructed an artificial earth, which was immunized from external influence by covering the floor of the laboratory with zinc, and then experimented with waves until he concluded that his theory was proved.



## GOD'S ECONOMY AND MAN'S

WE talk about "the Divine economy," and yet how little we comprehend it, or even come near to comprehending it! God's economy is in so many instances totally different from man's. We look at it, and can only cry, "Waste! waste! Oh, the pity of this young, promising life cut short, this frightful accident, this destroying fury of the elements!" Oh, the pity, rather, of not understanding God's way, or being willing to wait to understand it! God's economies are very wide and deep and far-reaching; ours are very shallow and circumscribed and partial. We measure by hand-breadths; God measures by millions of leagues and star-lighted infinitudes. When shall we learn that to pronounce any bitter judgment upon God's dealing is as foolish and futile and short-sighted as it is faithless and irreverent?

## WHEN WAS WESLEY CONVERTED?

WHEN was Wesley converted? The question is as hard to answer as that other similar inquiry concerning the conversion of the apostles. That his heart was "strangely warmed," May 24, 1738, in Aldersgate Street, is well known. But what sort of a work was wrought in him? He is of two minds about it himself, as the entries in his journal plainly show. At the first blush, in the enthusiasm of his new experience, he is disposed to say that he was up to this time "alienated from the life of God, a child of wrath." But on further thought he corrects this as being too strong, adding in a footnote: "I believe not. I had even then the faith of a servant, though not of a son." This we believe to be correct. In other words, he was before that a child of grace and an heir of heaven, serving God most sincerely and acceptably in the dispensation or degree of light which had thus far come to him. Who that considers his intensely earnest, self-denying, deeply-consecrated life at Oxford, Epworth and Savannah can possibly doubt it? But God had something much better to reveal in his case — even the joys of conscious present salvation through assured faith, in the full light of the Holy Ghost dispensation; and when that revelation came he, with great joy and an immense accession of power, entered into it.

He was not, then, in any strict or proper sense, converted in Aldersgate Street; and it would be an equally serious mistake to say that what he attained on the 24th of May was entire sanctification. He nowhere speaks of it in this manner, nor does his subsequent experience bear out the conclusion. Some months after this we find him writing: "I have not yet the full assurance of faith." As late as 1761 Mrs. Fletcher writes to him: "Why should you be without the blessing any longer?" In 1766 he speaks of "enforcing the gradual work" as "my peculiar calling." And under date of Feb. 24, 1780, he writes as follows: "I do not remember to have heard or read anything like my own experience. Almost ever since I can remember I have been led in a peculiar way. I go on in an even line,

being very little raised at one time or depressed at another."

It seems plain that, in 1738, he entered upon a decidedly advanced stage of Christian experience; and perhaps no more definite name can be given to it than that. His subsequent walk appears for the most part to have been one of gradual, even growth on toward the highest things, in which he ever took the deepest interest, but we are left in some doubt as to the degree in which he attained them. In 1788 Mrs. Fletcher records: "I could not but discern a great change in him. His soul seems far more sunk into God." Mr. Wesley would be the last to wish that his followers should copy him in the details of his spiritual exercises — a thing manifestly impossible, for God leads no two persons in precisely the same way; all cannot be pressed into one narrow groove either of thought or word. His changes in doctrinal position more or less modified, of necessity, his experience. It is not essential to put explicit names on the various stages of his growth — nor possible. The only thing of primary importance is that we diligently press on after a constantly completer conformity to Christ, an ever-advancing degree of union with God. This Wesley did.

## SHOTS THAT DO NOT COUNT

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, in his speeches and addresses, is continually flinging out aphorisms and terse bits of common-sense that sparkle and crackle like fireworks. Here, for instance, is one of his best — good enough to become a popular proverb: "In battle the only shots that count are those that hit." How true that is! All the popping of shaky rifles and booming of badly aimed cannon goes for nothing — only so much noise and wasted powder.

And there are other than material battlefields where the soldier-President's philosophy holds equally true. The church is waging a battle with the world and the devil, and, alas! how many are the shots she wastes! How much of her powder goes into nothing but furor and smoke! The interdenominational squabbling — shots that do not count, because they do not hit anywhere in the enemy's ranks; quarrels between factions or divisions in the same denomination — worse and more futile still; volleys back and forth over the creeds — and the devil never even ducks his head, for he knows that he can laugh in safety; pulpit utterances so vague and general that they plough a furrow in nobody's skin; vows that are solemnly and sanctimoniously made with no intention of being kept — Ah, God! the shots from the sacred rampart that never count because they never hit!

Why not stop this wild, ineffectual, indeterminate firing, and send a few steady, aggressive shots where they will count — straight at the common enemy, when he is so near that you can see the whites of his eyes? We can hit him if we are determined to hit him. But so long as we do not particularly care what becomes of our bullets, if only we make a brave noise, the world and the devil may walk up and down before us and do about as they please.

## Noteworthy Theologians

REV. DR. ROBERT FLINT, professor of divinity in the University of Edinburgh since 1876, and before that for twelve years the occupant of the chair of moral philosophy in St. Andrew's University, known to all students on theology by his works on Theism, and his more recent volume on Agnosticism, has resigned in order to complete his literary projects. A hint concerning the equipment which he had when he began the work of a teacher of ethics and theology may be had from the fact that he spent the years 1852-'59 in Glasgow University, and then for five years was a parish minister. Although he is now a little over sixty-five years of age, yet he is vigorous and hale, and the world may hope to be enriched by several books from his pen before he finishes his life-task. We question whether there can be found in the English-speaking world a more able, profound, and completely-equipped theologian.

Rev. Dr. W. P. Paterson, who for the past nine years has occupied the chair of systematic theology in Aberdeen University — gaining the place after a competitive examination which was open to all the ministers of the Church of Scotland, a feature which is unique in relation to this post, and which has been in vogue for over two hundred years — has been appointed successor to Dr. Robert Flint in the professorship of divinity in Edinburgh University. He is forty-three years of age, is fond of "golf, angling, and chess," which, he says, are his favorite recreations. He spent the years 1876-'83 at Edinburgh University, and the two following years at Leipzig, Erlangen, and Berlin in graduate work. He gave eight years to the work of a parish minister before aspiring to a university professorship. He is recognized as a man of devotion and of promising abilities.

## Questionable Selection

IT may be seriously questioned whether the World's Fair Committee on Evangelism has done just the very best thing possible in arranging to give Rev. Dr. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, entire charge of the evangelistic and Bible conference meetings to be held next summer in St. Louis. He seems to have been given authority to select his assistants, for the English papers announce that he has secured Rev. Albert Swift, of Dulwich, England, to take charge of the young people's work under him. This policy means that, in the judgment of the committee, no one can be obtained on this side of the water to do this work as well as these two brethren. How about Dr. R. A. Torrey, who has recently returned from a remarkable revival tour around the globe? Or, if one man cannot be found at liberty to undertake such a work, why not divide it into sections and give the first month to a man like J. Wilbur Chapman, and the second to Louis Albert Banks, and the third to David N. Beach, and the fourth to Russell H. Conwell? Possibly other names may be hit upon off-hand by some of our readers which would in their judgment better represent the evangelistic element in the four denominations thus indicated — the Presbyterians, the Methodist Episcopal, the Congregational, and the Baptist.

We protest that Americans know their own people better on the whole than any Englishman, whose only knowledge of the country and the churches has been gained by a few evangelistic services held by him in a half-dozen of the leading cities and a few ministerial conferences here and there in the land. The interview which Dr.



Morgan gave to the English papers after his last campaign in this country indicated that he had not obtained even a correct snapshot impression of the religious life of this country. Gipsy Smith as a man to capture the miscellaneous crowd at St. Louis would have been a better selection, if a man must be had from the other side of the sea, or John McNeill. Dr. Morgan's methods as an interpreter of Scripture, and his doctrines, allying him in some respects with the Calvinistic school of the old-fashioned sort, hardly qualify him for increasing influence in this country. We say this in candor, and with sincere admiration for the unquestioned sincerity, zeal, and intense earnestness which Dr. Morgan reveals in his ministry. But the selection of a Londoner for this task instantly suggests the question: Are there no men in the United States equal to such an enterprise?

### Passing of a Master

SIR JOSHUA GIRLING FITCH, recently deceased in London at the age of 79, was one of the leading authorities on all matters connected with the science and the art of teaching and the organization of schools. He wrote a volume years ago on Sunday-school teaching which had a great vogue on both sides of the sea. He was educated at University College, London, served as principal of a training college for teachers for seven years, and then accepted the post of inspector of schools. In this capacity and in other similar tasks the whole system of national, denominational, intermediate and higher education came under his notice. He delivered, more than twenty years ago before Cambridge University, a series of "Lectures on Teaching," which challenged instant attention as the work of a master. He was the author, also, of books on "The Arnolds and their Influence on English Education," "Notes on American Training Schools and Colleges," "Educational Aims and Methods," and he contributed valuable articles to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* and to several of the English reviews.

### Progressive Hymnology

THE existence of the Joint Hymnal Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church and of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is not an isolated event. The English Wesleyans are preparing an official hymn-book. Under the auspices of the Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston, a series of hymnals is in preparation, edited by Rev. Charles Noyes, of Somerville. Rev. Charles H. Richards, D. D., secretary of the Congregational Church Building Society, New York, and compiler of a hymnal which has been in use chiefly by Congregational churches for over twenty years, is about to issue a new edition which, in hymns and tunes, is practically a new compilation. The Presbyterians have found in Rev. Louis F. Benson, D. D., of Philadelphia, a compiler and a hymnologist who seems likely to succeed to the place vacated by Rev. Charles Robinson, D. D., and he has been publishing within the last few years hymnals which have been adopted denominationally by Presbyterians, and studies in hymnology which have been of interdenominational interest. The Episcopalians provided themselves with a new, official hymnal in 1893, and the Baptists in 1898.

A unique event is to be the publication, in October, of a union hymnal to be used by the Evangelical Churches of Japan, except the Episcopalians. The Episcopalians published a hymnal last year, and used

125 of the 400 and more hymns which are to be included in the Union Hymnal. Presbyterians, Methodists, Congregationalists, the (Dutch) Reformed Churches, and the Disciples are interested in this union movement. Parallel editions are to be printed simultaneously by the Methodist publishing house and by a Japanese firm in Yokohama.

The facts show that the churches of all denominations are insisting on an improved hymnology. The literary and musical taste of the multitudes is advancing, and the product which will meet the new demand must be better in its poetry and in its music than the existing hymnals furnish. The good must be replaced by the better and the best. The history shows that hymnals are short-lived, relatively, and the reason is not that they are inferior, but that the people themselves are improving, and hence are increasingly dissatisfied with poor poetry and jingling tunes. Dr. Richards, the Congregational compiler to whom reference has been made, has the right idea of what a hymnal for these times should be, for he says: "The people's Book of Worship ought to be a compact hand-book small enough to carry and hold easily, cheap enough for everybody to buy, good enough to satisfy a high and cultivated taste, and containing within its lids everything needed for use in public worship." The progress in hymnology imposes upon ministers new obligations to acquaint themselves with the literature of the subject, with the origin and history of the favorites, and with the new hymns and tunes which are to be offered for acceptance.

### He Will be Heard

A LINCOLNIAN aptness for story-telling appears to be a characteristic of Booker T. Washington, who can touch off almost any event that happens with an appropriate bit of narrative or illustration, drawn frequently from Southern life. Mr. Washington, for example, has the following tale for the tempest that lately occurred during his address at the Zion Church in Boston—telling the story in explanation of his determination to continue his speech despite all opposition: "Once there were two frogs in the South that fell into a can of milk. After struggling vigorously for nearly three hours, one of the frogs declared that it was no use, and, giving up all hope, sank to the bottom. His companion kept on kicking, and when morning came he was sitting on a large mound of butter. And I am going to do the same thing," said Mr. Washington, "and propose to keep right on until I get a hearing, if it takes all summer." The man who will be heard is, in Mr. Washington's case at least, the man who ought to be heard. The least objectionable kind of "kicker" is the man who kicks the milk of adverse circumstances into the butter of solid results.

### PERSONALS

—Dr. Matt S. Hughes and family are taking their vacation in Manitou, Col., with excursions into "the hills."

—Mark Guy Pearse is coming to Canada and the United States in September and October to lecture and preach in the interests of London Central Mission.

—Irish Methodism is in mourning over the death of its famous preacher, Rev. William Guard Price, who passed away, June 28, at Bangor, County Down, aged 78. He was an eloquent preacher for forty-three years of his ministry, a member of the

Legal Hundred, and twice vice-president of the Conference.

—Bishop McCabe raised a heavy debt on the Methodist Episcopal Church at Salt Lake City, some years since, and now the name of First Church is to be changed to McCabe Memorial.

—Rev. Reginald J. Campbell, pastor of City Temple, London (a significant letter from whom, with latest portrait, appears on another page), was the guest of President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, Aug. 6.

—The Philadelphia *Telegram* says that Rev. Byron Alden, of Streator, Ill., who will be 97 years old on Nov. 5, is the oldest Methodist minister in the world. Mr. Alden is a superannuated member of the Northern New York Conference.

—Rev. Camden M. Coburn, D. D., of St. James' Church, Chicago, will deliver lectures before the Theological Institute of the North Indiana Conference at Auburn, Ind., Oct. 29 to 31, on "Culture as a Religious Duty," "The Bible," and "Superstitions of the Twentieth Century."

—The decease of Tamerlane Pilny Marsh, D. D., former president of Mount Union College, is announced. He died, July 22, at the home of his son, Dr. Van N. Marsh, a physician, in Flushing, O. Some years ago Dr. Marsh was stricken with paralysis, which made steady progress until he became a complete invalid.

—Bishop Thoburn starts this week for Portland, Ore., where he will spend the month of August with his children and grandchildren, and then return for the General Missionary Conference in Philadelphia next October. Afterward it is his intention to return to India. The Bishop's health is considerably improved.

—The New York *Sun* publishes a telegraphic announcement from Evanston, stating that Rev. T. P. Frost, D. D., for the last five years pastor of First Church, Newark, N. J., has been invited to First Church, Evanston, Ill., to become the successor, at the next session of the Rock River Conference, of Rev. Dr. William Macalester.

—Rev. George F. Pentecost, D. D., of Yonkers, has just returned from the Orient, where he has been for eleven months, having visited the Philippines, China, Korea, and Japan. Dr. Pentecost is at Northfield at present, and intends to engage in evangelistic work, as he may be wanted by churches. We should very much like to see him at the head of a great union evangelistic campaign in this city in the early fall. Why may we not have a great united work in this city? Is not the hour ripe for it? Who of our city pastors of all denominations will inaugurate the movement?

—The *Christian Statesman* calls attention to a fact, which had escaped our attention: "When Secretary Cortelyou took possession, on July 1, of the offices in the Willard Building for the new Department of Commerce and Labor in Washington, Rev. Franklin Noble, of Falls Church, Virginia, read passages from the Bible, and offered prayer." And our contemporary wisely adds: "Secretary Cortelyou has set a noble example. We hope it may be widely followed."

—Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Bishop, of Wilmington, Del., who recently passed through such an unutterable experience in the murder of a beautiful daughter by a negro, were in Boston last week visiting Rev. and Mrs. Joseph H. Thompson, of St. Andrew's Church, Jamaica Plain. Seldom have we seen the power of sustaining grace so wonderfully manifested as in these dear friends. Especially was the spirit of the Master seen who said, "Seventy times seven shalt thou forgive;" and of whom it was said also,



when He was reviled He reviled not again. No ungracious word passed their lips, and they expressed only sympathy, pity, hope

Continued on page 1036

### Unmitigated Embezzlement

**W**ILLARD S. ALLEN, of East Boston, treasurer of the Preachers' Aid Society of the New England Conference, is, upon his own confession, an embezzler of the funds of that Society—some \$75,000—and is, at this writing, a fugitive, last heard from at Montreal. We have no disposition to enlarge upon the details of this painful occurrence, which brings to the Methodism of Boston and New England the greatest surprise and shock and the deepest grief and mortification experienced for many a year. Mr. Allen is the son of the late Rev. Dr. Ralph W. Allen, of revered memory, and has been for forty years a resident of East Boston, for twenty-nine years clerk of the district court there, and a member of the Boston school committee for sixteen years. In Methodist circles he has been prominent and active. For a quarter of a century one of the leading members and officials of Saratoga St. Church, for many years secretary of the Methodist Social Union, secretary and treasurer of the Methodist Historical Society, and a member of the last General Conference, he has been unquestionably and universally trusted.

Until last week, we never heard Mr. Allen's sincerity or integrity questioned. When he became treasurer of the Preachers' Aid Society in 1891, it held funds amounting to \$39,000. At the annual meeting of the Society in March last, he reported that it had funds to the amount of \$72,709.77. By his own confession he has been speculating in stocks for nine years—and probably longer—and has not only lost these funds (except some \$2,800 left in certain securities), but has stolen nearly \$6,000 from the \$8,100 representing collections from the churches recently paid over to him. The simple fact is, that while he has been honored and trusted by the Methodist Episcopal Church in this vicinity as have few men, he has been clandestinely speculating in stocks until in the latest slump in the market he was probably "cleaned out."

There is no extenuation of this man's breach of sacred trust, no apology for his wrong-doing. To hypothecate these securities—consecrated gifts to our veteran preachers, their widows and children—was a wholly wrong act in its inception, as he very well knew. To rob them of the pittance they so sorely need is a crime of the most reprehensible sort. For a professed Christian, a man so long set to be a conservator of justice as an officer in the courts, to do this deed, shows the sin to have been predetermined and of abiding purpose. Nor does there seem to have been any temptation or provocation for his wrong-doing. He has received for thirty years a salary sufficient to support his family in comfort. It is because of these aggravating features that no word of commiseration for him is heard, and that those counted his best friends advise that he be speedily indicted, that special efforts be made to discover and arrest him, and that he be made to suffer the full penalty under the law. For his wife, son and two daughters there is deep and general sympathy.

And now that some good may come out of this great evil, we wish to make a few frank and earnest suggestions:

1. This painful case—with others which might be named—summons our church throughout its entire connection to conduct its business upon well-settled business

methods. Mr. Allen should not only have been asked (as he was), but promptly compelled, to give an indelible bond; and when he declined or delayed to do so, he should have been forced out of his trusteeship and a new man, who would have given bonds, put in his place. No man in any department of our church should handle trust funds without giving bonds. Do not say, he is honest and can be trusted. Everybody would have said this last week, as for twenty five years past, with emphasis, of Mr. Allen. If a custodian of our trust funds cannot secure bonds, that alone is sufficient reason why he should give way to another. We exhort all throughout our denomination, who are in any sense responsible for these wrong financial conditions, to put them right "without fear, favor, or hope of reward." We shall surely and speedily dry up the sources of benevolence to this noblest of causes, and to others as well, unless we show that we are able to properly protect funds which the generous-hearted bestow.

2. The work of auditing the accounts of these who are the custodians of trust funds must be done more faithfully. Too often it



WILLARD S. ALLEN

is performed "on trust," and without examining the securities which the party claims to possess. An auditor's duty is sacred, and should be fearlessly executed. How dare a man certify that certain specifically named securities are properly in hand which he has not seen? Incipient wrong-doing is often discovered and stopped if the auditor faithfully and bravely does his duty. Let no man accept an auditor's position unless he at the same time is determined to know to the fullest extent whereof he attests.

3. What is to be done to make good to these veteran ministers and widows the amount of which they have been robbed? Surely the Methodists within the bounds of the New England Conference will not allow these aged beneficiaries to suffer because of this man's awful betrayal. A quarter-age becomes due this week. To each it is only a few dollars, to be sure, but it is depended upon for sustenance and comfort.

A few days ago an aged superannuated preacher came to the editor to ask why his last remittance from the Preachers' Aid Society was delayed. "I have just buried my wife," he said, "and the funeral expenses were heavy and are pressing me." Is that man to suffer the pinching distress of poverty more keenly because Willard S. Allen has robbed him? Let the Methodists of the New England Conference answer, and that right quickly!

### Widespread Sympathy

**A** VERY comforting feature in this calamitous embezzlement is the hearty and general sympathy expressed for the needy preachers, preachers' widows and children, and the determination that they shall not suffer because of Allen's great wrong. This sympathy and noble purpose are by no means confined to Methodists. The editor has been urged by leading citizens, regardless of denomination, to make a general appeal for funds not only to relieve the present necessities of these beneficiaries, but to make up the entire amount lost by Allen's defalcation. While too late to mature and announce plans fully in this issue, the editor consents in the meantime to receive the contributions of generous friends, and the same will be promptly acknowledged in these columns.

"What shall be done to relieve our impoverished preachers, preachers' widows, and children?" was sympathetically and generously answered by Rev. Dr. E. H. Hughes and his church in Malden last Sunday morning. Oppressed with the immediate need of these beneficiaries, he asked Centre Church to make a special offering for their relief, and they responded by giving \$250. Will not other churches next Sunday make a similar effort, and thus help to pay the quarterage now due?

### A Timely and Urgent Appeal

**EDITOR ZION'S HERALD:** It is becoming more and more apparent that the enormous defalcation of Treasurer Allen of the Preachers' Aid Society is, in some respects, the greatest calamity New England Methodism has ever suffered. This, however, is neither the time nor the place to discuss the various degrees of responsibility involved. This can be determined later. Our first and immediate duty is to care for the needy beneficiaries under the fund.

The superannuated preachers, who have themselves contributed to the fund, but who are now in a measure dependent upon it, with widows and orphans, and who have served the church faithfully for half the compensation their education and talents would have commanded in the commercial field, are confronted with a situation extremely serious to them. Obligations have been contracted by them (based on remittances due) which must be met; and with the approaching winter much suffering must result unless help is quickly at hand.

We cannot stop to moralize. We must give. And while the matter is fresh upon the hearts of the people, the appeal must be made.

Therefore I propose that the entire amount—\$75,000—be raised by New England Methodists and their friends, and herewith make the following offer:

To be one of 75 persons (or churches) to give \$1,000 each, provided the whole amount is pledged before January 1, 1904; to be one of 150 persons (or churches) to give \$500 each; or one of 300 persons (or churches) to give \$250 each, as above. Or, to give in the ratio above stated to conform to whatever plan may be adopted.

The generosity of New England is proverbial; and while the means of our denomination are limited, I believe that our people will quickly rise to the necessities of the occasion, restore the fund, and thereby gladden the hearts of the worthy and anxious ones who otherwise must surely suffer.

If this touches a responsive chord in the hearts of the readers of the HERALD I invite them to promptly communicate with the editor of ZION'S HERALD, Rev. Dr. Charles Parkhurst, 36 Bromfield St., Boston, that the proper machinery for restoring the fund may be at once put in operation.

GEORGE F. WASHBURN.



## SUN AND RAIN

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

The sun worked all alone each day,  
The rain stayed far and far away;  
Then there was trouble everywhere,  
The fields were scorched, the hills were bare.

To grow the grass, the flower, the grain,  
There must be sun, there must be rain.

What tasks are waiting to be done!  
If faith is rain, then work is sun;  
And one alone can never do  
The deed that calls aloud for two.  
O'er all the fields of thought and grain  
There must be sun, there must be rain.

Man seems sufficient for his hour,  
What gifts are his, what genius, power!  
But where are harvests he has grown,  
Or empires he has shaped alone?  
He works with God, or works in vain;  
There must be sun, there must be rain.

Groton, Vt.

## ON ENGLISH SOIL

CHANCELLOR J. R. DAY, D. D.

**P**ECULIAR people are everywhere. On Lake Windermere I saw a man of middle age and apparently sound physique "fast asleep" surrounded by scenery that he had crossed the ocean to see! From Melrose to Abbotsford a woman of betwixt-and-between age talked all the way without looking to right or left about French biscuits, salads, veils, gloves, hats, etc. She will return and tell of the beautiful landscape and picturesque English cottages and all that thrilled the attentive observer — that she did not see! She was on the top of the stage-coach on the ride from Edinburgh to the Forth Bridge, and her voice was pitched to the same key, tireless to herself, but a dreary weariness to all who were compelled to listen. But she will read up her Baedeker and have much to say on her return upon the things which she did not see! But she was there! She cooked French biscuits there and washed her veil in alcohol, "because, don't you know, it makes it new again!" What a joy it must be when one can satisfy oneself with talking, and especially if he is not disturbed by a suspicion that he is making himself a bore. It is a case in which the embarrassment is with the listeners. But as the correction is not with them, the reform is hopeless.

A young man finishing a summer trip here was asked what he thought of it all. He said that he did not know, as he had not developed his kodaks yet! There was some philosophy in that. The railroads rush you from place to place so rapidly that, if you are not careful, cathedral telescopes into cathedral, and lakes, mountains, villages and farmsteads, cities, university-towns and castles, become a fangle of moving pictures. The top of a coach is the best elevation from which to trace the landscape, also to see a city. It was Victor Hugo's favorite perch.

Along the east side of England are the great cathedrals from Durham to Canterbury. York awes you with its mighty proportions; Lincoln, see of Lincolnshire, home of the Wesleys, is grandly symmetrical; and Ely the most perfect Norman type. They show you portions of these solemn structures dating from

far-gone centuries, but anachronisms are everywhere —

## Mended Antiquities.

The sun shines into them through modern colored glass, and the tombs in many cases have been opened to verify dates and persons. A verger boasted at Durham that he had held the bones of St. Cuthbert in his hands! But they are wonderful treasures of architecture of various types — Old English, Norman and Gothic, with grotesque ornamentation, suggestive of a form of fetich worship. The abbeys tell the story of a hard struggle to serve God by men who had not learned that "the just shall live by faith."

It is a grateful change into a plain Wesleyan chapel where that great truth is spoken out of an experience of it. It is the difference between a home and a museum. At St. Paul's, the other day, it seemed to me that the service was a poor substitute for Catholicism. That it was any improvement upon it I doubted when I saw, as we were dispersing, an intelligent appearing young man turn towards the far-away altar and bow low. "Bodily exercise profiteth little." The trouble is in trying to do things to be saved instead of doing things with salvation to help others.

At City Road Chapel last Sunday a white-haired supernumerary preached in the absence of the pastor. It was like voices of Noah Hobart, J. C. Perry, and D. B. Randall, to which I used to listen in old Moumouth, Maine. It was an exposition of Christian perfection, definite, clear, fervent, tender and hopeful; not a syllable of censoriousness, no accusing of the brethren. It contained the Wesleyan spirit as well as the Wesleyan teaching of the Gospel which saved England from revolution and laid the foundations of American civilization.

## Parliament

By the courtesy of Ambassador Choate I saw the House of Lords and the House of Commons in session — not altogether unlike our Senate and House of Representatives. The presence of robed bishops was a point of difference among the Lords. The Archbishop of Canterbury was the conspicuous figure. The lay members were without robes except the lord chancellor on the woolsack. They had the appearance of solid business men. The debate was earnest and without traditional mouthings. The question was upon taxing India for support of a portion of the army not in India. Lord Ripon, though an elderly man, spoke with eloquent earnestness, and reminded an American of the period when the colony resisted with the voice of her patriots the oppression of greed. The hour of inquiries by the opposition of the conservative government in the House of Commons was much like a sharp colloquial debate in our House of Representatives. The questions were keen and more for the purpose of putting weak points of the government before the people and of confusing the ministry than to obtain information. The questioners were Campbell-Bannerman, Healey, Redmond, the Irish leader, Dillon — all names well known in America — and some of the

younger men. An hour at the opening of the session is provided for these parliamentary dialectics. The questions are printed, and the answers in most cases were read. But then followed extemporized questions and answers with sharp-edged repartee. Mr. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Wyndham, the chief targets, are exceedingly clever men. The first is a pattern gentleman, cool as ice, and keen as a rapier. He is that kind of man who is most dangerous in debate, especially of this kind. What an arena Balfour's position would be for Dr. Buckley! Probably the House of Commons has never had a minister the superior of Mr. Balfour in interlocutory debate.

In our country the secretaries of the Cabinet corresponding to the ministers of the Government over here never appear before Congress. Here they have to face their acts in the House of Commons. In other words, they have to face the people and answer or evade. And evasion is an answer. But they also have the privilege of defending their policy and acts. An American turns away from the British Parliament with the feeling that he has been among his own countrymen. He has seen men whom he has seen before and heard things that sound wonderfully like the things heard at Washington. He feels here a freedom of institutions like his own. Indeed, there is greater liberty of useless and incendiary talk — a liberty that we would call license. And we are right.

## The King

is as democratic in public as President Roosevelt, though of a temperament and diplomacy like those of the great McKinley. He drove through the streets Monday, with the Queen and Princess Victoria in the carriage with him, escorted by a troop of cavalry with no more monarchial signs and trappings than attend the going of our President through the streets of Washington or New York on a similar occasion, except possibly the uniform of an admiral which he wore. The people lined the streets and cheered. He modestly saluted. The people appeared proud and happy. The King is the most popular ruler of all the crowned heads. He is the hereditary and constitutional head of a great democracy with some remnants of feudalism remaining. They will pass in due time. Occasionally there is a groan from under the burden of taxation to support the royal family; but I hear a defense in the statement that the relinquishment of crown lands which were the hereditary right and property of these families more than offsets the taxes. I do not know. I only know that accumulated values here are not things of yesterday as with us. They must be computed by the centuries. Precedents are powerful. Laws are not repealed — if ever, seldom. New ones are made to modify old ones and ease the shoe where it pinches. Crooks remain in country roads and windings in city streets, and they are beautiful. They have been there for centuries. They will remain always. Perhaps the right to straighten them has been lost in oblivion. Footpaths and turnstiles defy the will of kings.

The authority of having been is mighty.



It rules. The story is told that Mr. Gladstone took a bill to Victoria for her signature, which was obnoxious to her. She refused. He said: "Your Majesty, you must." She asserted herself with the question: "Do you know who I am to whom you say *must*? I am the Queen of England." "Yes, your Majesty. Pardon me. Do you know who I am? I am the people of England." The Queen signed the bill. The Magna Charta rules. But the people love the monarchy and pray for it on Sunday; and the kings, since Charles I. and Cromwell, respect the will of the people.

London, England.

## SOME FAMOUS ENGLISH PREACHERS OF TODAY

### VII

F. B. Meyer, B. A.

REV. HERBERT WELCH, D. D.

OF all the English preachers of today, none, it is safe to assert, has won more general love and confidence than Frederick Brotherton Meyer—none, perhaps, is so well known in other lands. For since Moody is gone, and Spurgeon, what religious teacher has commanded such an international hearing as he?

In April he resumed his ministry in his own church, after having been away for more than eight months. The recent years have made increasing demands upon him for outside work among the churches and in evangelism. Indeed, he was tempted to think his future duty rather than the fixed pastorate; but finally he wrote to his people: "In view of recent events, such as the deaths of Dr. Parker and Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, and the fact of the Education Bill having gone against us, I have resolved, after long and anxious consideration, to postpone the fulfilment of my extended missions, and to permanently resume my pastorate." The months of his absence had been spent in provincial England, in the United States, Germany, Scandinavia, and elsewhere. In all places he was met by great audiences. His books are well known. Said the Queen of Sweden to him: "I shake hands with you as an old friend, for I have been reading your books for the last ten years." Among the thousands who listened to him, possibly to many he seemed merely a saintly Englishman of exceptional purity of character, richness of experience, and power of impressing others with the possibilities of the spiritual life. Any such ought to know Mr. Meyer at home, and appreciate him not only for these noble qualities, but for all that he is.

When You Go to London,

cross the Thames to the Surrey side some Sunday morning or evening, and find in Westminster Bridge Road the handsome stone church of which Mr. Meyer is pastor. You will not feel wholly a stranger there, for you will hear the President of the United States prayed for with the King of England, and you will sit beneath the shadow of the Lincoln Tower, built by Americans and having the Stars and Stripes woven into its brickwork. The church stands at the intersection of branching streets, in a spot con-

spicuous and central. To become its leader, Mr. Meyer left his fine and prosperous charge, the Regent's Park Chapel, in 1892. He was then forty-five. Christ Church had three attractions for him—it was not denominational, it paid a smaller salary, and it was located in a district which, because of its poverty, vice, and crime, was more needy than that in which he was laboring. So he took this church, running down and in danger of losing its well-to-do congregation, from the hand of the great Newman Hall. As a pulpit orator he certainly has not the eminence of that famed man, but as a minister he has proved no less efficient. While his mark has been left upon many churches and individuals, his latest monument is here; it is this church you must look at if you would know the man.

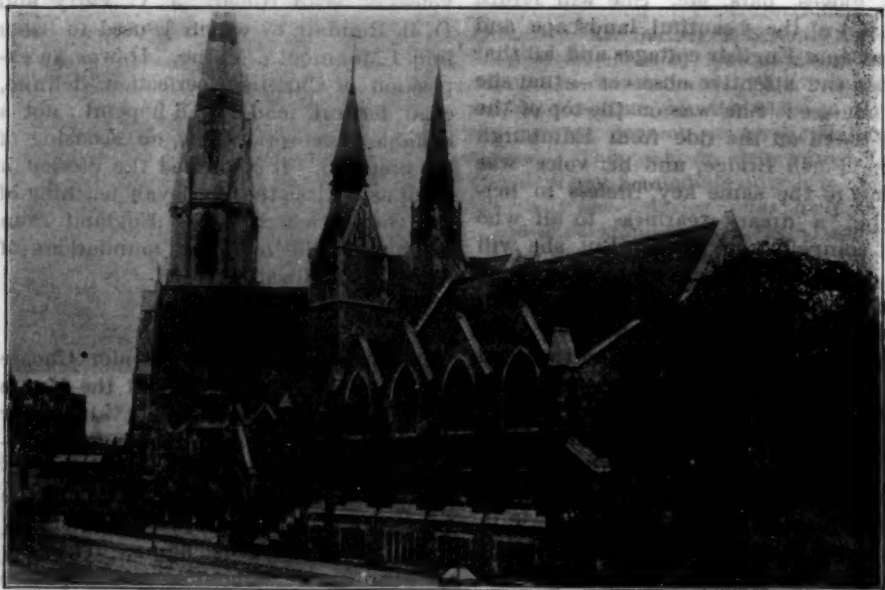
When I first went there, on a Sunday morning six years ago, it was, I confess frankly, with some prejudice against Mr. Meyer, though without having heard him. The dislike for specialties and hobbies in religion, coupled with the eccentricities of the Keswick movement (or of some of its leaders), with which he has been so closely identified, and the type of theology to which he holds, did not prepare me to listen to him with sympathy. But prejudices melted rapidly in his genial presence. The congregation and the preacher were enough to disarm criticism. The big church, holding 2,500, was well

Mr. Meyer is dressed in a plain black gown. His manner is quiet, his voice rather sad, but clear and carrying. At first somewhat stiff, he warms and relaxes as he goes on—has more movement and gesture. His style is simple, conversational, practical, enlivened with happy illustrations from common things. His sermon is on the old story of love—its usefulness, its comprehensiveness, its permanence, its power to unfold God. The clue to its attainment, he says, is in this—"seeketh not its own." Begin by kindness and self-denial; the disposition will follow.

Mr. Meyer seems at his best in setting forth the gentleness and meekness that he illustrates so beautifully in his own face and character. But let none imagine that he is lacking in virility. Gentleness goes hand in hand with strength, and

### Meekness with Firmness.

This is no putty man, no sweet dreamer, no cloister saint, who only comes from his seclusion to admonish other people to be good. This is one of the world's workers and fighters. Stop on a Sunday evening when he has been preaching especially to young people. He will be glad to greet you, but will not linger for long conversation, for he is due in a room behind the main church, called Hawkestone Hall. Go with him. He has invited the young men of the congregation



CHRIST CHURCH, LONDON

filled with earnest and substantial folks. The visitor notices at once

### The Large Proportion of Men

in the congregation, strong-looking men, both young and old. There is no suggestion of a narrow, hysterical people, but a solid and vigorous sort that requires strong meat for spiritual food. The service is a simplified form of the Church of England prayer, read by an assistant, though free prayer has also its place in the worship. The choir of men and women is large, and sits at the right. In front are broad steps of gray stone, leading up to the communion table, and the preacher's marble pulpit is above and at the left. The central auditorium of this majestic temple, which cost more than \$300,000, is an octagon surmounted by a lofty dome.

to meet him for a half-hour, and you may find forty or fifty ordinary, sociable young chaps here, taking a cup of coffee and a bit of cake together. Mr. Meyer shakes hands all around, and, if he has no special visitor to give a little talk, will himself spend a while in informal conversation. A man who gets and holds young men will be no weakling.

You should have seen him presiding over a monster demonstration against the Education Bill. The crowd filled Spurgeon's Tabernacle. It was excited and resolute. In the midst was a man insistent upon the discussion of an amendment to the resolutions which was beyond the range of the meeting's purpose, and clearly out of order. But he would not yield to the shouts and threats that were hurled at him. Mr. Meyer, who had made a bold and clear-cut speech, now



held the situation with admirable calmness and firmness; and as he stood like a rock in the face of the uproar, it could be discerned that this was a man not only of sweetness, but of adamant determination. His Gospel evidently, to use John McNeill's quaint phrase, "has a bone in its sleeve."

It was a different scene on a November Sunday morning, when he appeared in the thronged chapel of Mansfield College, in the quiet of classic Oxford. How would he preach before this University audience? In our familiar word, he preached

#### Just a Gospel Sermon.

And what could be better for a University sermon than that? The text was Phil. 2: 5: "Have this mind in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." Said he:

"There are various types of character, but the supreme character is that of saviour. The man who has, the man who knows, the man who is, all are less than the man who saves. The highest name of our Lord is not Son of God, Messiah, Christ, but Jesus (that is, Saviour). This truth may be received in three ways: (1) Those who reject this notion think that to do or to know is greater than to save. We can only answer, this is a time of immaturity; some time, by the light of the Holy Spirit, in this life or some other life, all must admit this fact. 'In the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess.' (2) Those who have chosen law, medicine, business, may feel that this discredits and contradicts their estimates of life. But in these pursuits they may be allied to God's great redeeming purpose. (3) Those who accept with gladness, leap up at the thought that they are to be part of this, must be reminded that the way of saviour is a way of surrender and suffering."

"Notice the seven steps by which Jesus went down to His throne. I say down, for the difference between earthly thrones and heavenly is that to earthly thrones you must climb, to heavenly you descend. The only purpose of a throne is that one may raise others. A throne is three feet above the level in order that the man who is upon it may, by the purchase of his position, lift others to his own height. (1) Jesus Christ was in the form of God. (2) He counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God. It was a right — not a thing to be snatched at. (3) He emptied Himself. George Herbert has pictured the Son of God putting aside His tiara that it might gem the heaven with stars, changing His sceptre to the lightning, His girdle to the rainbow, and His robes to the glowing clouds of sunset, so that to the eye of the poet the universe was littered with the array of Deity. And beneath these high fancies there is sober fact: He chose to surrender His lofty place and subject Himself to humiliation. (4) He took the form of a servant. (5) He became man — not ministering angel, but one with a fallen race. (6) He became obedient unto death, and this (7) the shameful death of the cross. There was no fading out of life, in peace, in the house of friends, with kind hands to wipe away the death-damp, but violence and shame. Through these He came to His throne."

"Some years ago, visiting Canterbury Cathedral, I wanted to go into the crypt. The cold smell of death met me as I went down the spiral staircase and groped almost in darkness. But when I looked along through the crypt, I saw the doors leading to the cloister gardens, where the spring flowers were in bloom and a spark-

ling fountain was playing in the sunlight. The way to the garden was through the darkness. 'In the place where Jesus was crucified there was a garden.' I think there is a garden in every place where there is a cross, but it is reached only by the suffering. When that hare-brained fanatic in London recently proclaimed himself to be the Messiah, some one in the crowd shouted out: 'Show us your hands!' It was a perfectly fair challenge. Only he can be a saviour who has the marks of the nails in his hands!"

"Many a young man goes out from his college to his first parish with high hopes. He has genius, training, eloquence, and he means to master the parish and raise men by these powers. But it may be that after months the congregation has dwindled, the life of the parish seems what it was. He questions his call, and wonders whether after all he has not gone wrong in his life-work. Then come the dark, dark hours that some of us know. But if he learns in those hours that it is not by learning and eloquence that he is to save men, but by being a channel for God's power to flow through; if his gifts are to be not his reliance in themselves, but instruments by which Christ may work; if he humbles himself in full surrender, and gets on a level with men, and lives with them and suffers with them in living fellowship with Christ, then God works through him. It is not his work, but God's. It is not that he works, God helping him, but that God works in and through him, to the saving of men."

#### And while the preacher spoke, I was Reading Between the Lines

his life story. I thought of those earlier days of his ministry, happy and smooth enough, no doubt, but without the power of his later years — those days before Moody met him, and Stanley Smith, and Studd. And I thought of the passion for souls, the new conception of his work into which these men had led him — the new labors and sacrifices and spirit of it all, the morning breakfasts with literal thousands of discharged prisoners, the close fellowship with the poor and outcast, the great responsibilities he carried — and I knew the sermon was born in the depths of his own experience.

That night he preached again, in a little church, to a rather rude and unintelligent congregation, but his message was the same. It was: "Make Christ king," from Isa. 9: 6: "The government shall be upon His shoulder;" and it was a testimony to the peace, the joy, and the victory that come into the fully surrendered life. Now, the reason little children listen to this man, who has nothing of childishness in his talk, is that the things of which he speaks are to him so real, so simple, that he can put them simply to others. He speaks that he knows.

But to return to

#### Mr. Meyer as a Pastor.

Christ Church was founded by Rowland Hill, and from the start has had no official connection with any religious denomination. Its creed is simple. Its pulpit has held Churchmen and Dissenters. Mr. Meyer himself, by education and conviction and early ministerial experience, is a Baptist, and in the church a baptistery has been placed. He dedicates children without the use of water, and baptizes adult believers by immersion. But his views on baptism are not in any way im-

posed upon the church. Sittings are assigned on the principle of "self-assessment," and all seats in the gallery are free. "It is expected that every member has a sitting and occupies it; is regular in attendance on Sunday; comes if possible to the Monday evening prayer-meeting; and engages in some kind of Christian work."

Of such work there is an abundance through the various organizations of the church itself. There are over a score of them — religious, educational, philanthropic — and Mr. Meyer is president of most. The round of the week is a busy one. On Sunday there is perhaps an early meeting, then preaching, followed by the Lord's Supper, Sunday-school (there are more than 5,000 scholars in the various schools of the church), the P. S. A. (with an attendance of 700 or 800, mostly workmen, many of whom are drawn into church membership), a workers' tea (refreshments are freely used in various gatherings), and preaching again. This is to say nothing of lantern services, open-air meetings, prayer-meetings, etc., that may be held here or elsewhere, on Sundays or week-days. Monday is Women's Day. Thursday and Saturday special "pleasant evenings" are held. Then Mr. Meyer has been deeply interested in

#### Questions of Social Reform,

having headed a Purity Crusade, for example, that led to the cleansing of the streets and the closing of 820 brothels. His love for social work was strikingly displayed when in Leicester, in the '70's, he resigned a handsome church and comfortable circumstances, and went ringing a bell through the streets to draw a congregation together. A great hall was built there, a remarkable evidence of answer to prayer, and this became the centre for all sorts of mission effort. Here was his Prison Gate mission; here he built Providence House, an industrial shelter to give discharged prisoners a chance; here he organized his Messenger Corps, his Window-cleaning Brigade, and was known as "F. B. Meyer, Firewood Merchant." The needy of the town came to look to him as their best friend.

But it is, after all, as a preacher and writer that Mr. Meyer has chiefly wrought for the kingdom of God. He has sometimes, when thinking of his tongue and his pen, playfully applied to himself the words: "Then he that had two talents came." His published works exceed fifty volumes, some of which have been translated into German, Swedish, Greek, Chinese, and other languages.

Moreover, he gives himself without stint to the larger interests of the general church. He has been president of the Metropolitan Federation of Free Churches, of the National Sunday School Union, and of the National Union of Christian Endeavor. Indeed, he has been and is the head of so many societies that in certain circles he is known as "President Meyer."

How is he able to compass the

#### Vast Amount of Work

which these varied activities involve? Three secrets of success he has discovered: First, *persistence*. He is an incessant worker. From Saturday night to Mon-



day morning he lives at the church. Much reading and writing are done on railroad trains. He has an elastic physical nature, rests quickly, sleeps readily and soundly. Second, *system*. On him has been bestowed the gift for leadership and organization. His two years' experience as clerk in a business house has not been wasted. Said a London gentleman: "F. B. Meyer is the best business man I know. I'd trust him to manage anything." Third, *trust*. He is sunny, hopeful, with a simple faith which leads him to make even the smallest concerns the subject of prayer. Thus, while not a preacher to preachers in the sense of being a marvelous model of sermonic method or a source of large theological suggestion, like Bushnell or Robertson, preachers read him and hear him with boundless profit. They learn from him not so much how to preach as how to live.

F. B. Meyer is

#### A Gentleman and a Saint.

He asks forgiveness quickly if he has hurt any. His Quaker blood has made him gentle; his early religion saved him from squandered powers. A beautiful home life was his, beset in childhood with influences fit to mold a mystic and a reformer. His tact and sweetness have made him friends and won him hearers in all grades of society, among all types of religious thought. His allies are found in all parties. It was he to whom the Bishop of London proposed the conference at Fulham Palace, in a vain attempt to effect some compromise on the education question. He stands on the Keswick platform with Church of England brothers, yet does not abate one jot his opposition to the bill which the Church of England has forced upon the nation. He is a gentleman and a saint—a man of God and a man of men.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

#### WHAT DR. CAMPBELL THINKS OF US

THE successor of Dr. Parker at City Temple, London, Rev. Dr. R. J. Campbell, who has been in this country for a month speaking every day, and sometimes several times a day, has been a sympathetic student of our people and institutions. It is both interesting and instructive to know what he thinks of us. We therefore reprint for our readers a frank, interesting, and discriminating letter written by him to the *British Weekly*, London, under date of July 7, from the University of Chicago.

On Saturday, June 27, we went in the company of some friends to visit the scene of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, and to set foot upon

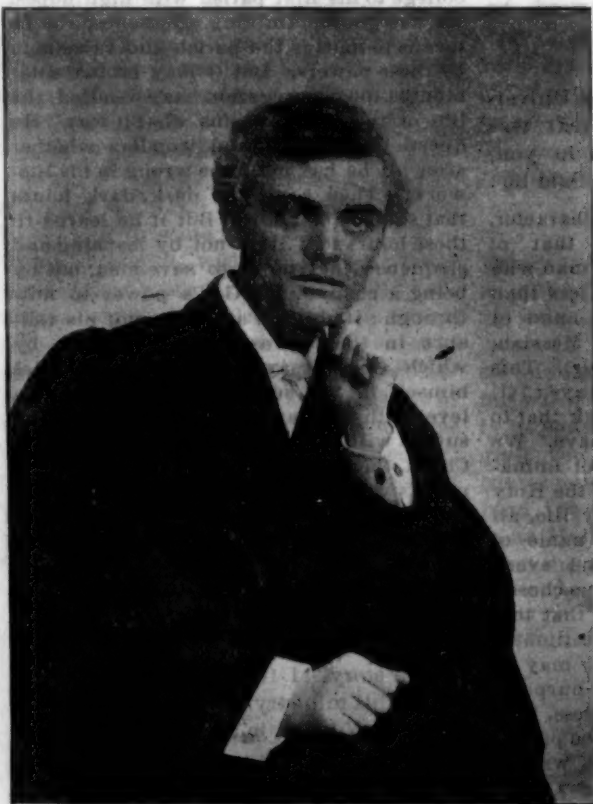
#### Historic Plymouth Rock.

It was a most interesting experience, and one long to be remembered. On the old burial hill we saw the site of the block house in which the Pilgrims held their foes at bay during the terrible winter of 1620-21. Not far away is Governor Bradford's tomb, surrounded by the headstones of other Pilgrim graves. Some of these headstones are modern, but with the quaint seventeenth-

century inscriptions carefully copied, as in the case of John Howland:

"Hee was a godly man and an ancient professor in the wayes of Christ. Hee was one of the first comers into this land, and was the last man that was left of those that came over in the Shipp called 'Mayflower' that lived in Plymouth."

This place is hallowed ground. And yet it is probably not the resting-place of those Pilgrims to whom death came first. During the rigor of that first winter in Plymouth, out of the 101 who landed from the



REV. REGINALD J. CAMPBELL

"Mayflower," about fifty died in the first few months, and the survivors left their graves leveled and unmarked lest the Indians should realize the greatness of the mortality among the little company. Pathetic history and note of explanation.

We spent a long time in the village examining the various points of interest, such as the site of the First Church (now a disputed question), the house of Captain Miles Standish, as well as of John Alden and Priscilla, Elder Brewster, and others. In the Plymouth House we lingered over the relics of those never to be forgotten days. But if the Pilgrims brought over in the "Mayflower" one-half of the relics so labeled in this museum, the little boat must have been fairly capacious. At the foot of the main street leading to the sea is a store bearing in large letters the inscription, "Pilgrim Ice Cream and Cigars." The proprietor of this establishment has either a very subtle sense of humor or none at all.

Boston is the

#### Most Typically English City

we have yet visited. The inhabitants seem rather proud of the fact. The contrast between the almost old-fashioned courtesy of the typical Bostonian and the good humor and abruptness of some of the Westerners whom we have since met is rather striking. The general appearance of the city, too, reminds one of the street architecture of Old England. We would willingly have stayed longer in a neighborhood so intimately associated with the memory of American prophets, poets, and men of letters.

From Boston we went to the Students'

Conference at Northfield, and afterwards to a similar assembly at Silver Bay. In these two gatherings of young people, we were made acquainted with a phase of American life for which we have no precise equivalent in England. These

#### Summer Conferences of Students

are held at various points throughout the whole country, and almost all are under religious auspices. We were especially impressed by the work at Northfield, and by the greatness of the influence exerted

there by the late Mr. Moody. My wife and I were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Campbell Morgan during the few days of our stay. One was hardly prepared to find the religious atmosphere precisely what it is. There is a liberality and an open-mindedness combined with a spiritual tone of the highest order. Even Dr. Campbell Morgan himself was somewhat of a revelation to me. His work is of a very solid character, and is less an evangelistic than a teaching ministry. He possesses a power of intellectual and spiritual exposition which I think I have never seen equaled. Mr. Moody has all his father's organizing grip, but does not attempt platform work. The ruling spirit of the Students' Conference is Mr. J. R. Mott, well known on both sides of the Atlantic for his work among university men. It did one good to come into contact with these bright, eager young college men and women. I am having a similar experience here at the present moment with the university graduates of Chicago, about a thousand of whom are

in residence. At Northfield, I submitted several times a day to being interrogated in public by the young men, who questioned me about all things in the earth and out of it. This strenuous time is pleasant to look back upon all the same, and, if opportunity permits, we shall return to Northfield for the general conference at the end of July.

So far, the

#### Heat of an American Summer

has not overpowered us, for there is a lightness and a tingle in the atmosphere with which we are unacquainted at home. The railway journey from Silver Bay to Chicago was, however, a test of endurance, for it was unspeakably hot, and we were glad to quit the train. By the way, I am not prepared to admit that American traveling is superior to British all the way round. For long distances the American system is undoubtedly the smoother and the more luxurious, but for short-distance journeys the common car is objectionable, and not nearly so convenient for ingress and egress as the British corridor system with separate compartments.

We reached Chicago on the morning of the Fourth of July. Let the staid British householder try to imagine what that means. A broiling day, with fireworks and yelling crowds superadded. I felt like a prisoner of war as I witnessed these unmeasured rejoicings over the discomfiture of my country. Once or twice the impulse came over me to rise up and shout, "God save the King!" in sheer defiance. One's equilibrium was restored on Sunday morning when I preached before the University. It was very much like being at home again. The academic mind is international, and



even the academic manner. The bounty of Mr. Rockefeller, together with the magnetic energy of President Harper, is preparing a great future for this seat of learning in the middle West. It was somewhat strange to me to find a summer course of study in progress, under the direction of a full staff — not a university extension movement in our sense of the word, but a keeping of terms in the ordinary way and under the full control of the University. There is an eagerness and an acquisitiveness about the American student which differentiates him somewhat from the British variety. Chicago does not suggest the sequestered peace of Oxford, but it knows a good deal more about Oxford than Oxford knows about Chicago. Yesterday afternoon I addressed the University again on the subject of "Religion and the Modern Mind." About a thousand graduates were present, nearly half of whom were women. At the conclusion of the address, notebooks were produced and the usual cross-examination began.

Chicago is

#### A City of Contrasts.

The university, the parks, the boulevards, and public buildings represent a side of life curiously inconsistent with that which one meets in other parts of this great community. In a city of two million inhabitants, only a small minority of whom are native born, this is perhaps to be expected. From the courtesy and refinement of the academic population, we turn to encounter a sordidness, vulgarity, and hardness accurately described in Mr. Stead's well-known book, "If Christ Came to Chicago." I am told that Mr. Stead's picture in certain particulars is somewhat overdrawn. Chicago has a better board of aldermen than many other cities which have a superior reputation. This is chiefly owing to the efforts of two or three Yale graduates of public spirit, who deliberately entered municipal politics in the hope of effecting an improvement. The average Chicago citizen has great pride in this commercial metropolis of the middle West. But he is provincial in his regard for it, all the same. Here and there one comes across the tall-talk American — not often, I am compelled to admit, but still he exists. One said to me yesterday, with a flourish of the arm: "Now, sir, did you ever see buildings like these in your country? Have you a street in London to compare with it? We can show you how to do things in this part of the world." Another carried me to two or three points where the traffic was considerable, and interrogated me with an air of great complacency as to whether I had ever seen anything to equal that in my worn-out city. Now, as a matter of fact, I have not yet seen anything in America, either in New York or Chicago or anywhere else, to compare with the density and strenuousness of London business life. And yet, somehow, the American remains firmly convinced that England has dropped out of the running, and that the centre of commercial activity is the United States. Our calamity prophets at home contribute somewhat to this impression, which I am convinced is quite an erroneous one. The conviction has gradually strengthened with me that Great Britain has no need to fear for a good while yet. In spite of our conservatism and lack of flexibility, there is a reserve strength at home which I do not observe here. It is true that there is an alertness, verve, and aplomb about the American commercial man which the Briton does not seem to possess, but the former has still some things to learn from the latter, as thoughtful and educated people on this side of the water are well aware.

But lest one may seem to be describing the typical American, let me say that this loud-voiced and rather irritating person is decidedly the exception — that the

#### Typical American

is quite another being. At dinner last evening I was privileged to meet some fine examples of American cultured gentlemen. From the speeches and conversation one learned more about the inwardness of American life than would have been possible in many days of unguided observation. Among this company were President James, of Northwestern University, Judge Wall, for twenty years a member of the American judicial bench, Professor Gray, a sociologist, Father Smythe, a Roman Catholic divine, together with other representatives of the theological, literary, and legal professions. The patriotism of these men does not prevent them from being citizens of the world. They know well the resources of their own country, but they know her weaknesses too, and are ready to acknowledge their indebtedness to older civilizations without making the mistake of regarding them as effete.

According to these gentlemen, there is an increasing sympathy between America and Great Britain, a sympathy which mutual intercourse is tending to encourage year by year, but on the whole there is perhaps

#### Not the Same Amount of Friendly Regard

for Great Britain on the part of Americans which is felt by us for the Stars and Stripes. Many facts account for this, the principal of which are the memory of the War of Independence, that of 1812, and the behavior of England during the period of the great civil struggle between the North and the South. Many Americans seem firmly convinced that British friendliness at the present moment is caused by a fear of the new-found American strength, and a cringing desire to curry favor. The Irish element is largely responsible, too, for anti-British prejudices, and this Irish influence is felt to a considerable degree in the public press. We in England, moreover, are apt to forget the heterogeneous elements in American population. French, Swiss, German, Russian, and Scandinavians, when they come over here, do not overflow with enthusiasm for the British Empire. For all that, it is well understood that during the Hispano-American War the great republic had but one friend in Europe, and that was Great Britain. Language must tell for something, and similarity of institutions probably for much more. No matter what the nationality may be from which the immigrant comes, his children become patriotic Americans. The

#### Public School is the Digestive Organ

through which this marvelous assimilation of foreign elements is made possible, and it is surprising to observe the degree to which the best English literature is cultivated, both in the school and in the home. I have already encountered Americans of German, Scandinavian, and even Italian origin, whose acquaintance with English literature is much greater than their acquaintance with other European literatures, simply because of their American environment. Free institutions, both of the commonwealth as a whole, and of the separate States, are mainly British, and often Puritan in origin. This is more obvious to a visitor than to the American himself, but an apprehension of the fact makes gradually for a better understanding with the ancient nation which has supplied the ideals.

There is a buoyancy about these people which is like a tonic to an Englishman.

The nascent vigor, hopefulness and confidence of the younger men permeates the whole social atmosphere. The

#### Heart of the American is Young.

and I am afraid we must admit that the heart of the Englishman is not. We cannot look to the future with the same serenity as our cousins over here. Perhaps it is that the exhilarating atmosphere supplies an extra convolution to his brain. The only danger about it is that this cheery optimism and satisfaction with material success tend to an impatience of the deepest things, a result, if I mistake not, which has affected even the pulpit. In response to the question addressed to me by the united company at last night's dinner, "What do you think is the greatest lack in the Chicago character?" I answered, "Soul."

#### WAS PETER EVER IN ROME?

REV. DANIEL STEELE, D. D.

WE are fully aware of the seriousness of this question, fundamental to the religious beliefs and hopes of many millions of people. Many other millions appreciate the gravity of this question because an anathema has been pronounced upon all who give it a negative answer. Let us first appeal to the Holy Scriptures; for if the Son of God has subjected the whole Christian world for all the future ages to one man and his successors, He will most assuredly make the link between the first chosen viceroy and his successors so manifest as to exclude all reasonable doubt.

We open the Acts of the Apostles and find that Peter is prominent in the first fourteen chapters, when he is entirely dropped, leaving no historical clue — not a single footprint towards the "Eternal City," or any other city except Antioch; while Paul's history is minutely traced, especially his journey to Rome. It looks as though Peter, whose history is not preserved, was of far less account in the estimate of the inspiring Spirit, who leaves his future history in almost rayless obscurity. It is still true, "There was no small stir what was become of Peter." When he got out of jail and had frightened Rhoda with his salutation, "he departed and went into another place," i. e., "to Rome," say the Papists, but not the sacred historians, who do not afford a scintilla of proof that Peter ever set his foot in Rome, or Italy, or Europe. In fact, he had no business there, for he would have been poaching on Paul's preserve. These two apostles had ratified a covenant — made with a handshake (Gal. 2: 9) — dividing the world between them, Peter going to the Jews and Paul to the Gentiles. The Jews were chiefly in Judea, Asia Minor, and Babylon. Only a very few were in European cities, and these had not heard of the Gospel till Paul came to them, who had a special ambition to preach all the time on new territory and not to build on another's foundation.

Then, again, Paul writes to the Romans — a very discourteous act, if Peter was presiding over them — and sends salutations to at least twenty four Christians by name; and though "the very pluck of courtesy," he sends not a single word to Peter, the most conspicuous person, if he had been among them, as the Papists



allege. But they say that he was probably absent in Spain or Gaul, and Paul knew that fact. This is a hypothesis raised to the 3d power, as the algebraists say. That Peter was bishop of Rome is a pure hypothesis, and that he is conveniently absent just when his absence would save Paul's good manners, is another pure hypothesis concocted to save the first; and that Paul before the days of telegraphs and post-offices knew this fact, caps the climax of groundless suppositions. In A. D. 60 Paul went to Rome, meeting a group of Roman saints when he was near the city; but Peter was not among them. Nor does Luke say that he was in the city during the two years of Paul's imprisonment. Paul calls together the few Jews, and they exhibit a total ignorance of the "sect everywhere spoken against." This is very strange indeed; it is incredible, if, as the Papists aver, Peter had been there since A. D. 42, eighteen years, preaching the Gospel in his emphatic way, not whispering it in a corner, for that was not his style.

Paul writes from Rome four epistles in his first imprisonment (A. D. 60-62), in which he gives some account of his fellow-laborers, but not a word about Peter. In the fraternal note to Philemon good wishes are sent to him by Epaphras, Marcus, Aristarchus, Demas, and Luke, but not by Peter. In his letter to the Ephesians he says Tychicus will tell you of "my affairs," with no mention of so important a personage as Peter. In his message to the Philippians he glories in the progress of the Gospel at Rome, penetrating the Pretorian camp and even the imperial court, many of the brethren waxing confident, not through Peter's eloquence, but through "my bonds." He does not give Peter a bit of credit for this glorious beginning of the conquest of Caesar's throne, which was so soon to be replaced by the reputed dynasty of St. Peter! Yet we are gravely told that at that time he was well along in the last half of his twenty-five years of Roman episcopacy. He speaks of Timothy as with him, and that there was no one else so entirely consecrated as Timothy, all the rest being actuated by selfishness — "seeking their own, not the things of Jesus Christ." If Peter was there, he must be in this censured class. He has a good word to say of his letter-carrier, Epaphroditus, but not a syllable about the great apostle, Simon Peter. In the letter to the Colossians five brethren are at his elbow and send their greetings, but Peter is as silent as the Sphinx, for the good reason that he was not there, and his greetings could not reach the ear of Paul without a telephone.

In his second imprisonment in Rome, ending with his martyrdom in A. D. 68, Paul gives a full account of his Christian associates. He begs Timothy "to come to him soon, for Demas has forsaken me. Only Luke is with me." This excludes Peter in the twenty-fifth year of his mythical episcopate, at the close of which he is falsely said to have been beheaded with Paul. Eubulus, Pudens, Linus and Claudia send their greetings in Paul's second epistle to Timothy, just before Paul laid his head on Nero's block. Why did not Peter, his reputed fellow-martyr, have a share in these tender good wishes? Because he was probably in his Babylonian

Hebrew parish, more than a thousand miles away. The Epistle to the Hebrews — its authorship is not material to our purpose — was written in Rome not later than A. D. 64, closing with this general salutation: "They of Italy salute you," with no hint that so great a man as Peter the Rock was present with the writer.

Let us now examine Peter's two Epistles, which will perhaps contain proofs of his Romish bishopric. To whom does he address his First Epistle, written in his old age, probably not earlier than A. D. 60? He would naturally write to the churches he had founded in Rome and western Europe if the papal contention is true. He writes to the *diaspora*, the converts "scattered throughout Pontus Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia (province), and Bithynia." Note that the order of speaking is that of a writer east of Asia Minor, mentioning the nearest country first — just the order natural to a resident of Babylon. It is evident that Peter first evangelized the Jews in Syria and Asia Minor, and then opened his mission to the Jews in Babylonia, whose ancestors did not return to Jerusalem with Nehemiah.

To assert that Peter meant Rome when he said, "The church at Babylon saluteth you," would be strange, if not ridiculous. This use of the word by John in the Apocalypse abounding in enigmas cannot be objected to. It may have been prudent in John to veil the name of the power whose downfall he so graphically predicted. But there was no such necessity in Peter's plain, matter-of-fact letter, in which he had said nothing about Rome. Moreover, in Babylon he was beyond the dominion of Rome. This is the only attempted Scriptural proof of the Papists to connect Peter with Rome — a thread very slender and very rotten.

This study of the Pauline and Petrine epistles, together with the Acts, leaves a very slim and shaky foundation for so great and weighty a structure as the papal pretension, to say nothing of the question whether Christ ever intended to make Peter a pope. The Lord Jesus himself said: "Be of good courage, Paul, as thou hast borne witness to Me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness of Me at Rome also." Where do we find such testimonies of Peter? Not in the Holy Scriptures, but in apocryphal histories written to order to gratify ecclesiastical ambition, a lust for lordship over human souls. The apostolic fathers, writers of the first century, who were familiar with the apostles, Clement of Rome, Ignatius, Polycarp, Hermas, and Barnabas, were good names to attach to spurious writings two centuries after their death. They were easily corrupted by the insertion of the name of Peter in the account of Paul's martyrdom. A hundred years afterwards it was an easy matter to build a monument to Peter and chisel thereon an appropriate epitaph to Peter, the first bishop of Rome. To the succeeding uncritical generation this would be genuine history. No one dared to do so unpatriotic a deed as to expose the pious fraud and incur the hostility of the credulous populace. And if any one did uncover this falsehood, what did it avail? Like all stories, this also, suddenly started, found fruitful soil, and was soon spun out into a complete legend.

The first centuries of the church were prolific in such figments. The favorite place for this kind of fancy work was some wide gap in the biography of some eminent person, such as the boyhood and youth of Jesus Christ. Into this vacuum there swarmed a multitude of apocryphas. There was a vacuum in the biography of Peter which the ambitious Romans ached to fill to their own aggrandizement, and they succeeded. "How long, O Lord, how long?" There is an answer on which faith can rest: "Every plant which my Heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." (For an extended discussion see J. Ellendorf's articles in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, Vols. 15 and 16.)

Milton, Mass.

### GOSPEL OF THE FIELDS

Have you ever thought, my friend,  
As daily you toil and plod  
In the noisy paths of man,  
How still are the ways of God?

Have you ever paused in the din  
Of traffic's insistent cry  
To think of the calm in the cloud,  
Of the peace in your glimpse of the sky?

Go out in the growing field:  
That quietly yield you meat,  
And let them rebuke your noise  
Whose patience is still and sweet.

They toll their sons; and we  
Who flutter back to their breast,  
A handful of clamorous clay,  
Forget their silence is best!

— Arthur Upson.

### Strangulation and Reform

ANYBODY looking for a place as editor-in-chief of an influential newspaper? There is a chair waiting for him in Shanghai. The paper is the *Supao*, with a supposititious circulation of two dozen and no advertising. It has influence. Yes, indeed. It had influence enough to get its late editor whipped by order of the Empress, though she says, with evident surprise at the objections of outsiders, that the man was strangled before he had suttered much, and that he did not live to take the beating he had earned. The crime for which Shen Chien suffered was that of advocating reform. To advocate reform is to advocate substituting somebody else for the Empress, who is China's Tammany Hall, Willoughby St. and Philadelphia, all in one. Having reformed one enemy out of existence, she demands that the foreigners deliver up certain others for execution — not trial, mind you, but death. Editors in the treaty ports, writing in steel cells, and with foreign warships at the door, urge the ministers to refuse these demands. Selfish attitude on their part.

The reformer always has a hard time till after he has been a martyr, and then he cares nothing about it. He is not in a condition to remember. But he may as well set out on his career with this understanding — that many more people are satisfied to have things just as they are than he supposes possible. He sees an abuse, and he assumes that to every one else it appears as monstrous and as alarming as it does to him. Not a bit. The chance is that the victims of it will be the first to protest when he tries to abolish it. Here, for instance, is the Empress of China, who might be all kinds of a philanthropist, and who could farther the progress of the human race no end; yet at the mere suggestion of such a thing she has the suggester whipped and strangled, and is trying to lay her long-nailed fingers about the necks of others who pretend to think as he did. — *Brooklyn Eagle*.



## RELIGIOUS OPPOSITION IN THE PHILIPPINES

REV. J. L. McLAUGHLIN.

Editor Philippine Christian Advocate.

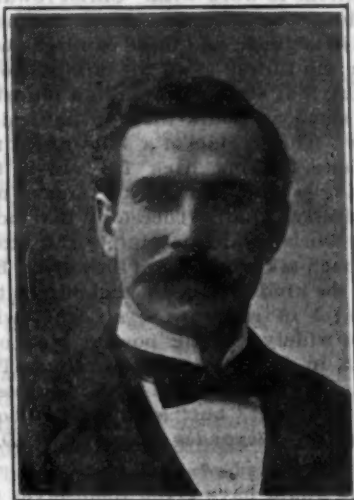
WHILE open actions must necessarily be tempered by the presence of the twentieth century civilization in the islands, yet no page of history records more bitter persecutions than those met here in the archipelago at the present time. The most barbarous massacres of this cruel warfare have been instigated by the priests, who tell their ignorant followers that all Americans are unbelievers (a story too easily credited according to the lives of the average Americans here), and that it is their religious duty to exterminate them at whatever cost or strategy. One such priest was convicted of open complicity in these crimes. The evidence was sufficient to have sent any other man to the gallows, but out of consideration to "the cloth" he was sentenced to twenty years at hard labor in the State Prison, where he is now serving his time.

Our followers well know that to accept Protestantism means ostracism, hardships and persecutions. Some of the stories retailed to the simple-minded natives and credulously accepted by them, are too ridiculous for even a moment's consideration by one unaccustomed to the Oriental mind. Some time ago our ordained pastor, Rev. Nicolas Zamora, was holding a street meeting in a neighboring town. It was the first Gospel meeting ever held in that place. During the service a poor woman was noticed circling around the crowd. One of the workers approached her and asked what she wanted. She replied that only the Sunday previous the parish priest in his sermon had told them that all Protestants possessed tails like monkeys, and that all who so much as listened to a Protestant sermon would develop a like appendage. Her woman's curiosity got the better of her fears, and she wanted to see for herself if that really were true.

For fifteen years past a certain man has been an attendant in one of the monas-

given up, and his life renewed in Christ. Immediately he was dismissed from his employment, and his fellow employees were admonished that he is an outcast such as to even notice on the street would be a mortal sin.

For nine years a poor blind man has spent all his time in one of the principal churches of the city as a professional pray-er, receiving a few pence each day for mumbling the prayers which others cared not to repeat. In a humble Methodist street meeting this man was soundly converted. His testimony is one of the clearest and his life is a constant expression of joy. Nevertheless his action was



REV. J. T. McLAUGHLIN

of sufficient importance to call for a public denunciation on the part of the priest in his Sunday morning sermon, in which he denounced the poor blind brother as lost, and warned all his parishioners to shun him as they would a leper.

In one large section of the city there had never been any chapel or church building, though there was a flourishing cock-pit here that drew its thousands daily. Many of the inhabitants were employed in a tile factory owned by a wealthy Roman Catholic lady. About a year ago, the Methodist itinerants began

stances developed into open violence.

During the military days a little three-weeks-old babe died and was carried by a Protestant uncle to the parish cemetery for burial. The father was dead, the mother was a Romanist, but no priest had ever come to the house to administer the rite of baptism. The only blame that could possibly attach to the little one was that of being related to a Protestant uncle. Interment was refused, but a kindly intentioned American soldier compelled the service to be carried out at the point of the bayonet. The little grave was properly filled up and the simple burial rites completed. But scarcely had the friends left the cemetery when the priest ordered the body disinterred and ruthlessly thrown into the street, a busy thoroughfare, where it lay for twenty-four hours before the board of health rescued it and gave it decent burial. But in this case the priest effected more than he planned, for on account of this outrage an investigation was started and that cemetery was closed by order of the Government.

All Protestant marriages are denounced as concubinage only, and the priests do not in the least hesitate to treat them as such. This likewise is working itself out, and we hope soon to have suitable marriage laws enacted by the civil commission, which will regulate the matter throughout the entire archipelago. The boys in the friar schools are taught to look lightly upon everything American as flavoring of infidelity. This has caused several clashes between them and the soldiers, at one time leading to open violence on account of their hating the Stars and Stripes.

Thus the list might be indefinitely continued. Our people know that the Christian life here must be one of persecution. Romanism knows no such word as tolerance. Religious liberty enters not into her regimen. The bitterness of her opposition can be appreciated only by those who have been on the spot and seen for themselves. To her the end justifies the means. We hope that this darkness of the mediæval ages may be slowly dispersed, but it will be only as the pure light of the Son of God is shed abroad in the land.

Manila, P. I.

## "Making the Best of One Another"

THE late Dean Stanley once wrote an address or sermon in elaboration of the theme, "Making the Best of One Another." That is an ideal well worthy of the attention and efforts of all members of society. It is possible, if men choose, to make the worst of one another. But that is not a good way to do, and certainly it is not the course advocated by the Gospel of Christ. More mutual forbearance would result in more mutual respect. For the discovery of the good points in the characters of others, too, time is required and a good amount of that friendly intercourse which encourages the expression of the deeper feelings of the heart. We make the best of our friends when we understand them best, so that we are enabled intelligently to co-operate with them in enterprises of mutual interest and profit. — N. Y. Observer.



REV. HOMER C. STUNTZ, D. D., AND FAMILY

The little girl in the centre of the group, Lucy C., died April 7 of the present year

teries here in the city. As a result of his attendance on the games and orgies of the cowed occupants he became such a devotee of the gambling places as to draw upon himself even the admonitions of his instructors. A short time since he was soundly converted in one of our Methodist services. The gambling was

their services there and many conversions followed. A chapel was built, the cock-pit closed up, and the immoral life of the place renovated. Immediately formal notice was served on the people that all who became Protestants would be dropped from the pay-roll of the factory, and persecution has in one or two in-



## THE FAMILY

## HOME LONGING

EMMA A. LENTE.

O Heart, we're homesick! Let us go  
Back to that valley 'mid the hills,  
For nowhere else does heart's-ease grow,  
Or balm to soothe our varied ills.  
Such faith was ours in that dear place,  
Such joys at morning, noon, and night,  
Such pleasant faces there we knew,  
Such charming fields and blossoms  
bright!

When we were in that happy home,  
We scarce were tempted toward the  
wrong,  
But it was easy to be good,  
And life was glad with laugh and song.  
Let us go back! We are so tired  
With strain and stress and toil and care,  
We will give o'er our worldly quest,  
And be content to rest us there.

For us the cool, clear stream will flow,  
And larks and thrushes sing and sing;  
A million flowers will bud and blow  
To please us with their blossoming.  
And we will sleep as once we slept,  
Surrounded by the peaceful hills;  
Some heart's-ease there perchance we'll  
find,  
And balm to heal our many ills.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

## Thoughts for the Thoughtful

"Blues" are the rogy calms that come  
To make our spirits mope,  
And steal the breeze of promise from  
The shining sails of hope.

— Nixon Waterman.

Does your cup taste bitter? He drank it  
first and places it to your lips where His  
left it, that His fragrance may sweeten the  
draught. — Rev. John McNeil.

Why can't we be let alone to live quiet,  
modest, normal lives, and develop nat-  
urally into what God intended us to be?  
Why, when any of us shows a spark of  
genius, must our fool friends run for a  
bellows to blow it to a furious, consuming  
flame? — Rev. J. C. Cowan.

As the hungry sea frets down the line of  
cliff to find an aperture through which to  
pour itself, and seethes and sobs until it  
finds room; so does the love of God wait  
impatiently outside our hearts till we open  
to it in confession and repentance. — Rev.  
F. B. Meyer.

I have read of those who bathe in those  
baths of Germany which are much impreg-  
nated with iron that they have felt, after  
bathing, as if they were made of iron, and  
were able in the heat of the sun to cast off  
the heat as though they were dressed in  
steel. Happy indeed are they who bathe  
in the bath of such a promise as this: "I  
am with thee!" Put your whole soul into  
that consoling element; plunge into it, and  
you will feel your strength suddenly re-  
newed, so that you can bear troubles which  
before would have overburdened you. —  
C. H. SPURGEON, in "Cheer for Daily Life."

God loves me, and I will work with Him.  
God is my father, I am His child. I will go  
into the sanctum of His workshop. He  
shall never be so far alone but I will be  
offering to enter into His service; and I  
shall never be so far alone but He will in-  
spire me with His Spirit, and help me in

ways I have not known. — Edward Everett  
Hale.

Men are wearing out their lives in worry,  
not in work. We must begin to live for  
God more thoroughly. Whose hand is on  
the helm of the universe? Not ours. Many  
of us are trying to carry the labors of the  
deck hand and the responsibilities of the  
pilot. Drop them! God never asked us to  
do more than we have time and strength  
for. — Rev. Ozora S. Davis.

Our Master does not care about quantity,  
but about quality and motive. The slave  
with a few pence, enough to stock meagrely  
a little stall, may show as much business  
capacity, diligence, and fidelity, as if he  
had millions to work with. Christ rewards  
not actions, but the graces which are made  
visible in actions; and these can be as well  
seen in the tiniest as in the largest deeds.  
The light that streams through a pinprick  
is the same as pours through the widest  
window. The crystals of a salt present the  
same faces, flashing back the sun at the  
same angles, whether they be large or mi-  
croscopically small. Therefore the judg-  
ment of Christ, which is simply the utter-  
ance of fact, takes no heed of the extent, but  
only of the kind of service, and puts in the  
same level of recompense all who, with  
however widely varying powers, were one  
in spirit, in diligence, and devotion. The  
eulogium on the servants is not "success-  
ful" or "brilliant," but "faithful," and both  
alike get it. — Alexander MacLaren, D. D.

"Some would have given themselves to  
active Christian service, but —" But  
what? "They are bed-ridden." They are  
chronic invalids. They lie in the bondage  
of continual pain. How will they be re-  
garded in the day of the great reckoning?  
They will be judged by their "would-bees."  
Their life will be estimated not by its  
attainments, but by its inclinations. But  
is there not some little peril in thus distin-  
guishing between inclinations and attain-  
ments, as though inclination in itself were  
not a great attainment? Oh, the mystic  
energy of many a "would-be!" The  
"would-be" is a prayer, and the fragrance  
of heaven is made of the perfume of  
prayer. "Golden vessels full of odors  
which are the prayers of saints." We can-  
not measure the influences of the "would-  
bees" that lie like fervent flames in the  
hearts of many of the saints of God. They  
are creating an atmosphere, and in this  
atmosphere much of the best work of the  
kingdom is accomplished. Our "would-  
bees" will constitute our crowns. — J. H.  
JOWETT, in "Thirsting for the Springs."

That word "bread" means everything.  
Some night when the sky is clear and the  
stars seem to hang low in the heavens, one  
brighter than all the others will attract  
your eye, and you look at it again and  
again. But when you take the telescope  
you find that that which at first appeared  
but a single star, in reality is a cluster, and  
a cluster not of stars merely, but of suns,  
each one with a radiance and glory all its  
own. So with this word "bread." At first  
it seems but a provision for our common  
wants, food for the body, sustenance for  
the flesh, supply for the physical demand;  
but when we see it as Christ saw it, when  
we understand it as God meant it, when we  
study it in the clear sky of the divine  
Word, we realize that it includes every  
form of need of which we are capable, and  
comprehends every possible desire and  
condition of our being. "For man shall  
not live by bread alone." The soul has  
wants and yearnings which will not be  
satisfied with a loaf. There is a heart hun-

ger to which no baker's pan can minister.  
There are spiritual cravings which must  
be met or we shall die of starvation.  
"Daily bread," then, as Christ meant it, is  
that gracious divine providence which in-  
cludes all of life — life temporal, life spiri-  
tual, life eternal. The bread that God gives  
is not limited to flour, for flour only minis-  
ters to the outward man, but God's bread  
ministers to body, soul, and spirit, and is  
given for the life of the world. — J. W.  
JOHNSTON, D. D., in "The Creed and the  
Prayer."

When the last day is ended,  
And the nights are through;  
When the last sun is buried  
In its grave of blue;

When the stars are snuffed like candles,  
And the seas no longer fret;  
When the winds unlearn their cunning,  
And the storms forget;

When the last lip is paleled,  
And the last prayer said,  
Love shall reign immortal  
While the worlds lie dead!

— FREDERIC LAWRENCE KNOWLES, in *Chris-  
tian Advocate*.

## "THE IMITATION OF CHRIST"

MRS. CHARLOTTE F. WILDER.

ONE of the precious books in my libra-  
ry is — or was — a cheap copy of  
that wonderful book by Thomas à Kempis,  
"The Imitation of Christ." It lies open  
before me — open at the page where it  
fell into the water during the floods of  
early June, open at the chapter, "Of the  
Royal Way of the Holy Cross."

There was a time when I used to read  
this chapter with a fainting heart: "For  
God will have thee learn to suffer tribula-  
tion." "Thou canst not escape it, whither-  
soever thou runneth." "And dost thou  
seek any other way than this royal way,  
which is the way of the holy cross?"

I would read, and then my head would  
go down on my old desk. My heart  
ached so. "Must it *always* be the way  
of the cross?" I would cry in my soul.

Then I would look again at the chapter.  
"Set thyself like a faithful servant of  
Christ to bear manfully the cross of thy  
Lord," says Kempis. "Drink of the cup  
of the Lord gladly, if thou wilt be His  
friend." Strength would begin to come.  
Christ knew I wanted to be His own.

Somewhere in the book — I cannot find  
it now, the mud pasted the leaves together  
when it tore the book apart — but I know  
that somewhere Kempis says, and in my  
soul I know 'tis true: "If Christ *could*  
have found a sweeter, better way for our  
salvation than this way of the cross, He  
surely would have shown it to us." And:  
"If thou wilt bear the cross willingly, it  
will bear thee."

My dear, little, ruined book! But it  
has furnished help in many a time of need.  
Its pages have always read to me as  
though the monk of Zwolle was a most in-  
timate friend of the Lord Jesus, and as he  
wrote he suffered with his Lord with ach-  
ing heart and pierced flesh. It seemed as  
though, through this sympathy with his  
Lord's suffering, he became satisfied to  
have the Lord's will done in him. And  
if one soul finds peace and satisfaction,  
surely other souls can.

It is only a few years ago that the monk  
of Kampen, Thomas à Kempis, had a  
monument worthy the man who wrote a



book that has been read in all the languages of the world by Catholic and Protestant, believer and agnostic, saint and sinner, priest and people, for over five hundred years. There is now a marble shrine in St. Michael's Church in Zwolle erected to this man who never mentioned himself, but always hid behind the cross he upheld for all the world to see.

This monk was born in 1380 at Kampen, on the Rhine, near Cologne. His name was Thomas Hamerken, or, if written in abbreviated Latin, Thomas à Kempis. He came under the influence of the "Brethren of the Common Life" — great reformers who influenced Erasmus, and who by their schools and teaching prepared the highway for Luther, Calvin, Zwinglius, and an open Bible for all the world. When about twenty years of age Thomas à Kempis entered the monastery of Mount St. Agnes, on the little hill Zwolle, in Overijssel. His brother was the prior. Here, like Luther, his soul grew hungry, and he longed for an inner light. The outward life of rightness did not give peace and rest and joy. He drew nearer and nearer and nearer his Christ. He did His will. Then, like Bunyan, he learned, by sweet communion with his Lord, all about the path that leads to Beulah Land.

In 1420 he wrote in Latin the four little books that have made him a helper to hungry souls in all parts of the world from that time to this. The book has been like a magnet among iron filings, and some one has said that the higher and lower critics have held inquests on the great Thomas. Countries and orders crave the honor of having been the place of his abode; but in 1879 was found in the Royal Library at Brussels a package of manuscripts, all in the same handwriting, containing the first book of the four in "De Imitatione Christi." These were held together by a paper on which was written: "Finished and completed by the hands of Brother Thomas à Kempis in the year 1441."

My little "Kempis" has done its work, perhaps. It is too soiled to touch, but, somehow, it breaks my heart to put this in the fire where so many other ruined books have lately gone. I wish that this little message about the book that was written five centuries ago might bring it from its corner to the reading-table — might bring it to the help of tired, worn-out, hopeless, perplexed humanity when it goes away or shuts itself in for help, rest, strength.

Manhattan, Kansas.

#### After She Had Gone

"AFTER she had gone, forever out of mortal sight and touch, there came to those who loved her an intensity of deep regret, that they had not been gentler and tenderer and sweeter to her while she was here. Often they reproached themselves, saying: 'Why, oh! why, when she was our own, were we so inconsiderate; why so easily offended; why so cold and undemonstrative? There were little things she asked for that we might have granted; there were courtesies that we might have shown; there were gifts we could have given. But our eyes were holden that we did not see. We never once thought of losing her, and so we were heedless of causing her pain. We let her

wear herself out, and we might have tried to save her.'"

Thus ran a letter which Emily Alcott read through blinding tears. It was written of a dear sister, by one who was bereaved. Emily knew that the household in affliction was a peculiarly affectionate one, and that the inevitable effect of grief is to impress on the minds of those who are left a poignant sense of shortcoming. Nevertheless, she, too, echoed the heart's plaint contained in the sorrowful words. It is, alas! too easy for us all to strew flowers on the graves of our loved, and to break our alabaster boxes over their memory. The better way, the far better way, is to love them and tell them so, while they are here with us, responsive to kiss, caress and tender word. — *Christian Intelligencer*.

#### Her New Vocabulary

She possessed a mind discerning  
That was stored and crammed with  
learning.

And her thoughts, forever burning,

She could suitably express.

All her sentences were rounded,

And her words imposing sounded;

I was really quite astounded

As I listened, I confess.

It was rather an infliction,

All this verbal unrestriction,

But her elegance of diction,

Each precise and polished phrase

And the beautiful selection

Of the words and their connection —

And her most correct inflection —

They were quite beyond all praise.

But I saw her very lately,

And she did not talk ornately;

All that language suave and stately

She no longer kept on tap.

She was saying: "Bessums diddums!

Where de bad old pin got hiddums

In his muzzer's p'ecious kiddums?"

To the baby in her lap.

— *Boston Budget*.

#### HOW THE PARSONAGE WAS PAPERED

THE little parsonage stood bleak and cheerless in the wintry sunlight. A window was open, and the February wind, sweeping through the empty rooms, rattled a torn shade that had been left there by the last tenants. Deacon Cummings and the Sunday-school superintendent stood viewing the cottage with speculative eyes.

"There's the salary to raise," the deacon was saying, "and the extra expense of the new furnace must be met. No, we'll have to let the parsonage go. I know it does need papering, but we've our hands more than full already."

The Sunday-school superintendent looked disappointed.

"I think we could manage it," he suggested, mildly, "if —"

"No, we can't!" put in the deacon, decidedly. "The parsonage'll have to go as it is."

"But his wife's an invalid," persisted the Sunday-school superintendent, still more mildly, for, like all the rest of the church members, he stood greatly in awe of the determined deacon.

"Yes, she is," the deacon assented, a little reluctantly. "Hasn't been able to do a thing for over a year, I understand. Lung trouble, you know. That's why they're coming West. Well, it's hard for a pastor on a small salary to have a sick wife. Hard for him and the children. I should like to see the parsonage papered, but it's quite out of the question. The sun comes in finely at the windows, that's one consolation, and soap and water is another.

They'll have to put up with things as they find 'em. It's all we can do to raise the salary."

A moment later the two men walked away, leaving Lily Maude standing by her scrub pail. Lily Maude was washing the floor. She had been hired by the committee for that purpose. The last minister had been unmarried, and the parsonage had been rented. But with his departure a new order of things was being brought about. A new pastor was coming, and with him an invalid wife and three small children. And Lily Maude was to scrub and wash windows and woodwork, to make ready for the new occupants.

Lily Maude was pale and small and stoop-shouldered. Her hair was colorless, and her blue eyes, her only beauty, looked out serenely upon a world that had never been an easy one to her, for Lily Maude's mother was dead and her father a cripple. Lily Maude made the living now for both. She was only sixteen, yet her small hands were already calloused and toil-hardened.

"And the new minister's wife hasn't been able to do a thing for over a year," Lily Maude had heard what the deacon had said, and she knew something of what it meant. She had been used to sickness all her life. Was not her father helpless now, and had not her mother been an invalid for three years?

She looked up at the grimy walls regretfully; then, taking her broom, she walked into the small bedroom. Here the walls looked worse than ever. There were soiled finger-marks upon them, and some one had torn from them strips of paper, laying bare the plastering.

"And she hasn't been able to do a thing for over a year, and will have to lie here in a room like this," thought Lily Maude. "It's too bad! I'm afraid it'll make her worse instead of better."

She leaned on her broom-handle meditatively. "If I could only do something," she whispered, slowly. "I believe," she added, "I believe I'll try. This room has to be fixed some way."

By noon the next day Lily Maude's work was done. The floors were clean, the windows shining, the woodwork spotless. She had done her best. As she turned the key upon the house, her thin face was full of purpose. She hurried down the walk, a shabby little figure in her worn skirt and jacket. Her hands were bare, and the sharp winter wind had already made them blue. But Lily Maude was not thinking of anything so small as her own discomfort. She was used to facing cold winds; used to scanty fare and shabby clothes; used to hard work and poverty and deprivations.

She walked rapidly until she turned into the principal business street: then she slackened her pace, halting at a certain shop door. Here samples of wall-paper were displayed in the windows, together with a number of cans of paint and a few picture-frames. Lily Maude entered. In the rear of the shop some one was busily working. It was Horatio Robinson, the proprietor.

He looked up at Lily Maude. "How do you do?" he said, cordially. "What can I do for you?"

Lily Maude flushed a little. "I came to see you about papering a bedroom," she replied, shyly, "but I haven't any money. It's a room at the parsonage," she added. "The minister's wife is coming there to live and she's sick. I heard them talking about it. The church don't feel able to do anything, and I — I just can't stand it to think of her going into a room like that!"

She looked up, with the flush still on her face. "I can scrub, Mr. Robinson, and I can wash," she went on shyly, "and I thought — for I studied it all out — that perhaps you might let me work for you



wife to pay for it. Will it cost very much?"

Horatio Robinson looked down into the small face.

"That depends upon the quality of the paper," he answered, kindly. "If it's cheap —"

"But it must not be cheap," broke in Lily Maude, hastily. "It must be pretty and bright; not too bright, you know, but something that will be pleasant to look at."

"How's this, then?" said Mr. Robinson, taking down a roll of paper from a shelf above him. "You'll have to wash a good many days, though, to pay for this," he added, shrewdly. "Perhaps you wouldn't like that."

But Lily Maude's hands were clasped. She was looking at the paper. "Oh, I shouldn't mind that at all," she answered, quickly. "I'm used to washing, and that paper — it's beautiful, Mr. Robinson. Will you really paper the room and let me work for you?"

Horatio Robinson looked at her kindly. He was a sharp business man, but he had a good heart, nevertheless.

"I don't see how I can refuse you," he said, smiling. "When people show a disposition to do their part, I like to do mine. So you like the paper, do you? Well, your taste is good, for it's the handsomest thing I have."

"It's lovely," said Lily Maude, dreamily, still gazing at it. "Oh, I hope she'll be pleased!"

Mr. Robinson was touched. He looked at the slight figure, and something rose in his throat.

"I'll do the work for you tomorrow," he said. "It isn't every one I'd do it for, but you're a brave girl."

Lily Maude grew radiant. "Thank you! thank you!" she cried, gratefully. "And I'll work my very best for your wife!" she added, quickly.

"I'm not afraid of that," was the answer. "You can go up to see her this afternoon and talk it over. She won't work you hard," he added. "She's not that kind."

"I don't mind work," replied Lily Maude, blithely, "as long as I can please folks. Here's the key, Mr. Robinson. It's the bedroom off the sitting room. That's to be her room. I heard the ladies talking about it." Lily Maude smiled again, and then hurried out.

The man looked after her thoughtfully. "Well," he said, as he turned to his work, "I like a spirit like that. There's some promise to a girl of that kind, and some Christianity. Willing to scrub and wash to pay for papering a room for somebody that's sick. That's religion. Such a frail little creature as she is, too! I think I'll go to hear that new preacher when he comes. I'm interested in his family already, and I'll do my best work on that papering, as sure as my name is Horatio Robinson!"

The room was finished, and Lily Maude stood by it in awed and admiring silence. Mr. Robinson had himself added a handsome border. The unsightly walls were hidden, and Lily Maude's heart was full of joy.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she cried, ecstatically. "And oh, I'm glad, so glad to think I could do it!"

The door opened. Lily Maude looked up and saw Deacon Cummings.

"Well, Lily," he began, pleasantly, "you did your work well, I see. Everything as clean as a new pin."

Just then his eyes fell on the newly-papered walls. "Whose work is this?" he demanded.

Lily Maude turned pale.

"Mr. Robinson's, sir," she faltered.

"Yes, yes, but who is to pay for it?"

Lily Maude looked up bravely. "I am,

sir," she answered. "I'm going to scrub and wash for Mrs. Robinson until it's all cleared up. You see, sir," she went on, timidly, "I heard them tell about the minister's wife being so sick and not able to do anything, and all that, and these walls looked so bad I was afraid when she saw them she'd get worse. Things like that trouble sick people a good deal. I know, for I've been with them all my life. I hope you don't mind my doing it, sir?"

The deacon looked down upon Lily Maude in her worn and shabby dress. Then, like Horatio Robinson, he felt something rise in his throat.

"No, no, Lily," he said, huskily, "you did right, quite right." He went hastily out into the next room.

The whole parsonage was papered, and out of the deacon's own pocket, at that. Then somehow the story of what Lily Maude had done crept out, and others went to work. A carpet was put down that matched the bedroom walls. Rich old Mrs. Janes, hitherto not noted for her liberality, opening her heart and her purse-strings, sent over a beautiful brass bed. Some one else added the coverings, and kindly hands hung dimity curtains at the windows and spread a rug on the floor. Easy chairs and pictures completed the pretty room, an ideal resting-place for an invalid, so fresh was it and so attractive.

"Tired, Margaret?"

"A little, dearest."

The minister's wife tried to smile, but the effort was a failure. The jolting of the train jarred on the tired nerves, and through the car window the prospect was not alluring. Long stretches of buffalo-grass flashed by, interspersed with white patches of alkali; and every turn of the car-wheels was taking her farther from her old home. Still, if she could only get well! And wonderful recoveries were made in the pure, invigorating climate to which they were hurrying.

Yet how she dreaded it all! New scenes, strange faces, and perhaps the new friends would not be like the old tried ones she was leaving so far behind.

"Cheer up, dear," the minister was saying. "We'll soon be there."

"I wish we could go straight to the parsonage," she answered. "Somehow I dread hotels — and strangers."

"Never mind," was the cheerful answer. "We'll soon be settled, and your room shall be first, Margaret. I'll make it as easy and comfortable for you as I can."

"You always do that," was the grateful answer. "I'm ashamed to murmur when I have the children and you."

"Gray Rock!" shouted the conductor, and the minister rose.

"Home, Margaret," he said, tremulously. "Come, children."

It was a little station, and only two or three were standing on the platform. Among them was a tall man with a weather-beaten face. It was Deacon Cummings, who came forward hurriedly to meet them. He took the minister's hand, shaking it warmly. Then he turned to the woman.

"I've a carriage right here," he said, anxious at the sight of her pale, worn face. "Let me help you."

She sank upon the cushions, exhausted. The children sat quietly together, wide-eyed and wondering.

"We're in your hands," the minister said, smiling. "What will you do with us?"

"You'll see," was the genial answer.

In a few minutes the carriage stopped. Deacon Cummings alighted. "This is the parsonage," he said. "We thought it would be pleasanter for you to come straight home, so we did what we could. Some time I'll tell you the story of how it

was all brought about. Your wife's room is ready for her, and the ladies have spread a supper for you in the dining room. Welcome to Gray Rock, dear friends, and may the new home bring you health and happiness."

"I am sure it will," said the minister's wife, taking the deacon's hand.

"I am sure, too," said the minister.

The tears were in his eyes as he half-carried his wife across the threshold into the pretty room awaiting her. Gently, very gently, he laid her upon the pillows of the soft bed, with all its snow-white draperies. She put both arms about his neck and murmured:

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters." — SUSAN HUBBARD MARTIN, in *Youth's Companion*.

## AN OLD STORY\*

### A Roumanian Folk Song

R. H. STODDARD.

From *North American Review* for August.

If I could only have known  
I might not suffer so;  
But I was only a woman,  
And how was I to know?

It is woman's fate to love,  
And where she loves to believe;  
Till she learns too soon and too late,  
How lightly men deceive.

I was young, young, and alone,  
And fond and fair to see;  
But I opened my heart to a man  
Who shut his heart to me!

When that which is coming shall come,  
At noonday, or midnight, or morn,  
He will not be by my bedside,  
Nor care when his child is born!

Should I say to the child, "Thou art  
born!"  
Before its small voice cried,  
It would answer in pitiful looks,  
"It were better I had died!"

Much better. So die, child, die!  
This world is no place for thee;  
And since thou art mine, poor thing,  
No longer the place for me!

Show me the road to the churchyard,  
For surely the dead will be,  
Once I am there, more kind  
Than the living are to me.

And whether I come alone,  
Or with a child at my breast,  
They will let me lie among them,  
And share their lasting rest!

\*This poem was written by Mr. Stoddard at a date which cannot now be accurately determined. In October, 1897, Stoddard, whose health was then failing, dictated it to Mr. Henry Edward Rood, who at that time was associated with him in work of literary criticism, telling Mr. Rood to publish it or withhold it from publication, as he deemed best, after Stoddard's life was ended.

## ABOUT WOMEN

—Miss Safford, who recently resigned the pastorate of a Unitarian Church in Sioux City, had held it fourteen years, her congregation being the largest of that denomination in Iowa.

—Miss Dorothea Warren, of Kansas, has made herself an authority on ceramic art. In June she went to France to take charge of the art department in the Frances Walker School, Paris.

—Miss Mary A. Prettyman, a typewriter engaged in copying records in the patent office at Washington, recently wrote 17,500 words in six and one-half hours. It is believed she is the world's champion.

—The manager of one of the largest wholesale houses in New York has forbidden the women employees to wear trailing skirts in the establishment, on the ground that trails are "untidy and always dusty."

—Miss Taka Nawa, daughter of a prominent Japanese editor and entomologist, is herself an entomologist of no small attainments. She paints with skill, and has many colored plates of native insects, especially butterflies and moths. She shares her father's interest in



photography, and has helped him in his greatest work, that of photographing the life histories of the Japanese insects injurious to agriculture.

— In the United States the majority of librarians are women. In Berlin a school for women librarians was opened in 1900, which provides two courses of instruction, one scientific, covering a period of three years. Many private libraries in the old country, notably those of the Royal Historical Society, Manchester College, Oxford, and the Bradford Literary Society, are in charge of women. There are in the United Kingdom over thirty public libraries in their charge.

— "Shopping," as American women understand the term, is unknown in England. In King Edward's domain every one who enters a shop is expected to buy something. Failing to purchase is likely to result in the query "Why?" from the salesman, for there is no touring desired in English shops just for the sake of seeing things and without any intention whatever of purchasing.

— Mrs. R. Graham Frost has been appointed manager of the woman's department of a trust association of St. Louis, Mo., being one of the few women to hold a position on the regular staff of a bank in this country. The institution was dealing with about six thousand women, and made the new departure in the interest of this branch of its work. If the business increases sufficiently to demand it, more women will be put on under Mrs. Frost.

— Mrs. Emma Cadwallader Guild, the sculptor to whom Congress awarded a \$3,000 commission for a bust of President McKinley, studied in Paris and Germany, and was complimented in Berlin by having her statues typifying "Speed" and "Electricity" placed on the facade of the new post office in that city.

## BOYS AND GIRLS

### GREEDY KATE

GEORGINE T. BATES.

"GREEDY KATE," her cousins called her, because she never shared her goodies with any one, and because she was always the first one at the table and the last one to leave.

In vain papa remonstrated and mama scolded. Kate teased for more at every course from soup to dessert, and then was coaxing for a lunch almost before the dishes were cleared away. No wonder her cheeks looked as if the skin must burst and her body was the shape of a barrel.

One day Kate's mama had company to dinner, and, oh my! what a good time Kate had. There was soup and fish and roast turkey, with ever so many vegetables and cranberry sauce. There was salad and plum-pudding, besides salted almonds and olives and candy to nibble at while the plates were being changed.

Kate was ready to go to bed early that night. So mama tucked her in and went down to the library where papa was reading.

Oh! little they knew what was happening upstairs.

After a short nap Kate opened her eyes to find herself in a little round room with funny rough brown walls and not a door or window in sight. Immediately she wanted very badly to get out.

Calling loudly, she beat upon the walls with her hands. Just then a little mouse stuck his head out of a hole, and said: "Eat your way out, little girl, eat your way out!"

Why, sure enough, the walls were made of plum-pudding!

Kate began to eat quite gally, but the more she ate the thicker the walls seemed

to grow until, thoroughly discouraged, she sat down and began to cry. Finding that did not help any, however, she began again.

At last she had eaten through the plum-pudding, but, alas! only to find another wall outside made of layers of roast turkey. And having worked her way through this, she came to what looked like a stone wall, but was really potatoes, turnips and onions laid in neat little rows, with salad dressing as a cement.

Poor Kate was tired of eating by this time, yet there was no help for it. On she went, and on, until she came to a wall made of bread. Very thick this was and very hard to eat, but finally she came to the crust. Making one last effort she bit her way through — and fell into a sea of soup.

Dear! dear! Had she worked so hard only to be drowned after all — and in such a greasy mess as this?

Way off in the distance somewhere she heard a voice say, "Drink." So she began as fast as she could to drink up the sea before it could drown her. She would drink and then rest, drink and rest. It seemed to her she had spent years drinking and resting when she heard a voice off in the distance say, "Just one spoonful more, darling," and it sounded so much like mama's voice that Kate opened her eyes with a start.

There she was in her own little bed, with mama holding a spoonful of broth to her lips.

Kate reached up her arms to pull mama down close, and was surprised to find how weak and thin they were.

Seeing her look of wonder, mama explained: "You have been very sick for three weeks, but you are better now."

Soon Kate was quite well and running about the house, but never again was she known to eat any but the daintiest of meals. For she never forgot the three weeks it had taken her to eat her way out of her prison.

Long Beach, Cal.

### A RICH BOY

"OH, my," said Ben, "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning round quickly, "how much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben, in surprise.

"Yes. What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball, and, oh! everything."

"That's so," said his father. "You wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?"

"No, indeed!" answered Ben, smiling.

"And your arms — I guess you wouldn't take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?"

"No, sir."

"And your voice. They tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for ten thousand dollars, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than five thousand dollars apiece at the very least; don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes, now. How would you

like to have fifty thousand dollars and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think a moment, Ben; fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell them for so much?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they are worth that amount at least. Let's see, now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper — "legs ten thousand dollars, arms ten, voice ten, hearing five, taste five, good health ten, and eyes fifty; that makes a hundred. You are worth one hundred thousand dollars at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh and hear your playmates laugh, too; look with those fifty-thousand-dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think how rich you really are." — *Selected.*

## OUR DAISY CHAIN



Daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Guy W. Chase

Just one year after this photograph was taken, the older little girl in the picture became the youngest member of the Junior League in Smithtown, New Hampshire. Her name is Dorothy Chase, and when she joined the League she was two years and seven months old. During her first year of membership, completed last December, she was absent only four times, and every Sunday when present she repeated her Bible verse at roll-call. Little Sister Helen comes occasionally. Dorothy's mamma is assistant superintendent of the Junior League, and her papa is superintendent of the Sunday-school.



## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

## Third Quarter Lesson VIII

SUNDAY, AUGUST 23, 1903.

1 SAMUEL 20:12-23.

## DAVID AND JONATHAN

## I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*—Prov. 18:24.2. **DATE:** B. C. 1062.3. **PLACE:** Gibeah, four miles north of Jerusalem.

4. **CONNECTION:** Jonathan remonstrates with his father concerning his determination to kill David; a brief reconciliation follows. David's exploits in a new war with the Philistines again provoke the fury of Saul, who nearly pins him to the wall with his spear (the second time). David flees to his own house; Saul sets a watch about it; Michal (his wife) lets him down out of a window. David flees to Ramah, and takes refuge with Samuel in the school of the prophets; thither Saul follows him with deadly purpose, after sending thrice, but in vain, messengers to apprehend him; the prophetic afflatus falls upon them and their king after them, so that the latter tears off his mantle and falls into a stupor which lasts until the next day. David takes advantage of this occurrence to hasten to Jonathan, who "loved him as his own soul," and confer with him as to what to do under the present circumstances. At this point our lesson begins.

5. **HOME READINGS:** Monday—1 Sam. 20:1-11. Tuesday—1 Sam. 20:12-23. Wednesday—1 Sam. 20:24-34. Thursday—1 Sam. 20:35-42. Friday—1 Sam. 23:7-18. Saturday—Prov. 18:14-24. Sunday—John 15:8-17.

## II Introductory

David was confident that Saul was bent on slaying him, notwithstanding the strange occurrence at Ramah. He felt that he could not with safety resume his attendance at court, particularly at the approaching festival of the new moon. Jonathan, on the other hand, could not believe that his father, after the oath which he had taken (19:7), intended any serious harm to his friend. He assured David that his father would confide in him if he harbored any plot against David's life. The latter was not so sure of this. They discussed this matter "in the field" at a distance from the palace. Each realized that a crisis was at hand, and their noble, affectionate souls were drawn into a closer union. The compact made that day was never broken. Jonathan foresaw that David would inherit the kingdom; and while solemnly agreeing to notify him in season of Saul's intention as disclosed at the coming feast, he exacted from him at the same time an oath that he would be kind to his descendants forever—an oath which David willingly took and most generously fulfilled.

The king's intentions towards David were to be learned by his behavior at the festival of the new moon. David would conceal himself, and not be present. If missed, Jonathan would excuse him on the fiction of his having gone to Bethlehem to attend an annual sacrifice "for all the family." Should Saul accept the excuse, David would feel sure of safety; if, on the other hand, the king should betray anger, then the young man would know that "evil was intended." David would be notified of the issue by a simple device

of three arrows shot near his hiding-place by his friend Jonathan and the directions shouted to the lad who accompanied him.

## III Expository

12. Jonathan said unto David—after they had left the town and sought the retirement of "the field;" and in reply to David's question in verse 10: "Who shall tell me? or what if thy father answer thee roughly?" O Lord God of Israel.—The language is that of intense emotion, and therefore abrupt and interrupted. The Revisers wisely change and supply as follows: "Jehovah, the God of Israel be witness." When I have sounded my father.—Jonathan had undertaken to ascertain Saul's intentions towards David. About tomorrow any time—R. V., "about this time tomorrow." If there be good towards David—if Saul had given up his murderous purpose after his extraordinary ecstasy at Ramah and Samuel's probable warning. I then send not unto thee—and bring thee back to the honors that await thee even at my expense.

13. The Lord do so and much more to Jonathan.—R. V., "Jehovah do so to Jonathan and more also." If it please my father to do thee evil—should it turn out to be as David feared. Then I will show it thee—R. V., "If I disclose it not unto thee." Send thee away—out of the reach of harm, until in God's providence you attain the dignity that awaits you. Jonathan's solemn covenant with David under these circumstances, "with no animosity, no jealousy, no harsh words, is the most marvelous instance of human friendship and tenderness with which the records of our race acquaint us" (Whedon). The Lord (R. V., "Jehovah") be with thee, as he hath been with my father.—"As it became a dutiful son; he drew a veil over his father's misconduct, and only adverted to his former good management and success" (Scott).

14, 15. Not only... show me the kindness of the Lord (R. V., "the loving kindness of Jehovah").—This had already been provided for in their covenant. Not cut off thy kindness from my house forever.—"It was the sanguinary custom in the East on a change of dynasty to put all the seed royal to death. As then Jonathan foresaw that it was Jehovah's will to transfer the kingdom to David, he binds him by the mercy of his own true love to him to show mercy to his race" (R. Payne Smith). Not when the Lord hath cut off the enemies of David.—Jonathan felt sure that Jehovah would cut off David's enemies, not excepting Saul and the members of his family who shared their father's hostility. Jonathan had no presentiment that his family would be cut off in battle with the Philistines and that he would fall with them.

16, 17. Let the Lord even require it.—R. V., "And Jehovah shall require it." At the hand of David's enemies.—The covenant, from Jonathan's standpoint, required this stipulation. Should David violate it, Jehovah was invoked to punish him at the hands of his enemies. Jonathan caused David to swear again—to give his own confirmatory pledge to what Jonathan had asseverated. "Jehovah was to be watchman, umpire, arbiter, between Jonathan and David. He should be the Daysman, to lay his hand upon them both, to keep their covenant of love inviolate" (Johnson).

18. Tomorrow is the new moon.—"At the beginning of every month, the day of the new moon was observed as a religious festival by all good Israelites, and by Saul

as a great civil festival also, on which he gave a banquet, attended by his family and the chief men of the state. David, the king's son-in-law and a commander in his army, would be expected to be present on this occasion" (Deane). Thy seat will be empty—which would excite comment. Still, there might be some ceremonial uncleanness to hinder his presence the first day.

19. When thou hast stayed three days—in concealment, at Bethlehem or elsewhere. These turned out to be uncomfortable days for Jonathan. Saul demanded of his son the second day where David was, and Jonathan tried to excuse his absence, but only drew upon himself a storm of scurrilous abuse, and the threat of his father's spear when he inquired why David should be slain. Fiercely indignant, but nobly true to his absent friend, Jonathan left the table and the room. The place where thou didst hide thyself—referring probably to a place where David stayed at the previous time when Jonathan interceded for him (19:3). The stone Ezel—some landmark now unknown.

19-22. Will shoot three arrows on the side thereof.—This appearance of shooting at a target would excite no suspicion. I will send a lad—send him before I shoot. The arrows are on this side.—Other ears would hear these words besides the lad's and would understand, if they were uttered, that there was nothing to fear. The arrows are beyond thee.—These words would signify danger, and must be heeded at once. It was these words that reached David's ears on the morning of the third day, with others: "Make speed, haste, stay not."

But first he came out from his hiding-place; and the friends renewed their covenant before parting, and with embraces and tears, in which David was the more vehement, they parted only to meet again for one brief interview. It was reserved for David to give the last proof of his affection for Jonathan by his lamentation over his untimely fate, and the protection he gave to his son Mephibosheth. Meanwhile he found himself a solitary exile, soon to be hunted "like a partridge on the mountains" (Smith).

## IV Inferential

1. The value of true friendship is realized in the hour of trial and danger.
2. Much misconstruction of conduct would be avoided if friends spoke plainly with one another.
3. The worthiest minds are least suspicious and most charitable in their opinions of others.
4. "Pious children will veil the faults of their parents as far as consists with their duties."
5. "True friendship, grounded on the covenant of the Lord, will require nothing unreasonable and refuse nothing equitable."
6. Even at sacred festivals the most malignant passions may be harbored.

## Eruptions

The only way to get rid of pimples and other eruptions is to cleanse the blood, improve the digestion, stimulate the kidneys, liver and skin. The medicine to take is **Hood's Sarsaparilla** Which has cured thousands.



7. The dearest friends are often compelled to painful separations.

8. "Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers  
Whose love in higher love endures."

#### V Illustrative

1. The private dialogue which is here detailed presents a most beautiful exhibition of these two amiable and noble-minded friends. Jonathan was led, in the circumstances, to be the chief speaker. The strength of his attachment, his pure disinterestedness, his warm piety, the calm and full expression which he gave of his conviction that his own family were, by the Divine will, to be disinherited, and David elevated to the possession of the throne; the covenant entered into by David on behalf of his descendants, and the imprecation (verse 16) pronounced on any of them who should violate his part of the conditions; the reiteration of this covenant on both sides (verse 17) to make it indissoluble; all this indicates such a power of mutual affection, such magnetic attractiveness in the character of David, such susceptibility and elevation of feeling in the heart of Jonathan, that this interview, for dramatic interest and moral beauty, stands unrivaled in the records of human friendship (J., F. and B.).

2. There is not, in the Old Testament, a more affecting scene than this. These two young, brave, noble hearts, bound by a love more strong than death, and conscious that the shadow of death rested upon them, poured out their hearts, each upon the other's neck. Love, glorious and beautiful, pure as the light of the morning, untainted by earthliness, defiant of chance or change, of time or the grave! How radiantly, oh, with what surpassing splendor, it stands out against the darkness and violence of Saul's gloomy reign, like the morning star between rifted clouds! This was David's dark hour, and the love of his friend his only earthly comfort. But when the Saviour passed through that night, "dark with more clouds than tempests are"—that night in which He was betrayed—the traitor's kiss was the only kiss He received. So that not even the sorrow of David was like unto His sorrow (Hanna).

3. The history of sin in Saul's inner life shows a steady and rapid progress in evil after it had gained footing and mastery in his heart. When a man once gives place to passion in his soul, he comes more and more into its power, and is at last completely ruled by it, and driven even more violently on from sin to sin. "He that doeth sin is the slave of sin." Jealousy, which, in a heart that has lost God's love and honor, as its centre, is born of selfishness (wanting all love, honor, joy, for itself alone), has always for its companion envy of the successes, the honor and the good fortune of others. From envy come gradually hatred and enmity, and then, by hidden or by open ways, murder—"He who hateth his brother is a murderer." Parallel to the example of Saul are those of Cain and Joseph's brothers (Erdmann).

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#### Systematic Giving

METHODISM boasts of its connectionalism. The fact is that its connectionalism chiefly consists in contributing to the various benevolent causes by separate or omnibus methods. The individual Methodist Episcopal churches are often intensely and selfishly congregational, especially when they attain some measure of temporal prosperity and reach something of social elevation.

This condition constitutes an increasing weakness in the vital religious, and in the practical benevolent, results of our system. Our pressing need as a denomination today is culture in systematic beneficence. Other denominations are excelling us in the culture of this virtue. We depend too much on spasmodic giving, under the pressure of the exciting presentation of the claims of a given cause.

Spasmodic giving is better than nothing in the way of benevolence, because it indicates a kind of life, and any manifestation of life is better than indifference and death. But deliberate and intelligent giving, as well as living, is the normal condition of things with responsible Christian people. This kind of culture is desperately needed in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Spasms of benevolence in a given church under the pressure of sympathetic appeals will sometimes cause large financial returns, but a relapse often ensues, and then the falling off in the collections in that church brings discouragement and demoralization. As a church we ought to have a carefully and wisely prepared standard literature on systematic beneficence.

Cultivation in systematic giving must begin with the training of childhood. Giving in the mass for the whole family, by the head of the family, for the support of the ordinances of the church and for the benevolences of the church, relieves the children of the family of the sense of personal responsibility, deprives them of the needed early culture in benevolence and liberality, and robs them of the dignity and wealth which individual gifts of sacrifice bring to the soul.

Omnibus giving to many and mixed causes contains no one of the essential elements of the kind of giving which enriches the giver.

Who will render the Church of God, and especially the branch of it styled the Methodist Episcopal Church, an invaluable service by preparing a simple and reasonable system of instruction in systematic giving for the family and the Sunday-school?—*Christianity in Earnest*.

#### Holiness a Habit

HOLINESS must itself become the habit of our life. Not a few are willing to rise at intervals into the consciousness of Christ, and to behold as in His presence, and to be for the moment interpenetrated with His power. But their holiness is occasional, not habitual; and is, therefore, not holiness at all, but only holy impulse. When St. Paul, however, declares, "To me to live is Christ," or, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," he is describing an ideal of experience, whether he had himself yet realized it or not, which is holiness grained into habit, and thus become effective and real.

And not only is holiness itself only real when it is habit, but the other habits of a righteous life are only safe when bound on to the habit of holiness as their roof and sanction and security. "The grand first thing, or chief concern for us," as Bushnell said, "is to be simply Christed all through, filled in every faculty and member with His

#### A LETTER TO OUR READERS

New Haven, Addison Co., Vt.

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Gentlemen: About a year ago I was suffering from what I supposed was rheumatism. I became so bad that I could hardly get on my feet from a sitting position. I ran down in weight from 195 to 145 pounds. I tried different kinds of medicine, but received little or no help. I saw Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root highly recommended for kidney trouble, but I never had any idea that my kidneys were affected. I thought I would try a fifty-cent bottle of Swamp-Root and see what the effect would be. I commenced taking it according to directions, and in a few days I saw that it was helping me. I used the fifty-cent bottle and then bought two more dollar bottles, and they completely cured me. I have got back to my original weight—195 pounds—and I am a thorough advocate of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root.

Very truly,

Feb. 17, 1908. WM. M. PARTON.

You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, sent absolutely free by mail, also a book telling all about Swamp-Root. If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular 50-cent and \$1 size bottles at the drug-stores everywhere. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

Christly manifestation, in that manner to be so interwoven with Him as to cross fibre, and feel throughout the quickening contact of His personality; and then everything in us, no matter what, will be made the most of, because the corresponding Christly talent will be playing divinely with it, and charging it with power from Himself."—Robert E. Speer.

#### W. H. M. S. Notes

—The annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held in First Church, Chattanooga, Tenn., from Oct. 28 to Nov. 4. This will be the first meeting of the Society to be held farther south than Baltimore or Washington, D. C., and a most delightful gathering is anticipated.

—The work of the Coke Mission, Pittsburg Conference, is one of always growing interest and importance. The Pittsburg Conference W. H. M. S. co-operates with the Conference in this work, employing three Bohemian women as Bible-readers. In addition, two English-speaking ladies, both teachers, spend their summer vacations doing mission work among the mining populations. It is estimated that there are 50,000 foreigners in the coke fields just outside Greater Pittsburg.

—The immigration has been unusually heavy during the past year at all ports of the United States. At Ellis Island, N. Y., it has surpassed all records for many years. The figures for the year ending June 30, 1908, have not yet been published, but there is little doubt that the sum-total will exceed 900,000 new arrivals during the past year.

—One of the nurses of Sibley Hospital, in Washington, D. C., has recently been engaged in nursing the mother of a Catholic priest in that city, to the great satisfaction of the priest, who invited her to dine with him and three other of his priest friends one day.

#### To Relieve Summer Weariness

Take Hersford's Acid Phosphate. It relieves the languor, exhaustion and nervousness caused by summer heat. It strengthens and invigorates permanently.



## OUR BOOK TABLE

**The Holy Bible.** American Standard Edition of the Revised Version. Thomas Nelson & Sons: New York.

This Teachers' Edition, just ready, is certainly a beauty, in bourgeois type, very clear, size of page, 5 1/2 x 8 inches, handsomely and durably bound, and priced, according to the fineness of the leather, at from \$2.25 to \$7.75. It contains a concise Bible Dictionary, a new Concordance made expressly for this edition, and an indexed Bible Atlas. The Bible Dictionary occupies 118 pages, is fully illustrated, and based upon the Bible Treasury, written by leading scholars in America and Great Britain. The Concordance covers 234 pages, and contains, besides the correct references to this edition, over 10,000 side references to the Authorized Version of 1611, combined with a subject index and a pronouncing dictionary of proper names. There are parallel passages, marginal readings, and running chapter titles. No pains have been spared to make it the best volume of its kind on the market. Anything that promotes the better study of the precious Word is to be warmly welcomed.

**New Conceptions in Science.** By Carl Snyder. Harper & Brothers: New York. Price, \$2, net.

Those who desire to be abreast of the wonderful scientific progress of our time will find this a useful volume. It treats such subjects as, "How the Brain Thinks," "What is Life?" "The Telepaths," "Wireless Telegraphy," "The Rise of Synthetic Chemistry," "The Search for Primal Matter." It gives a clear, concise account of what has been done and is now being done in these interesting realms. The final chapter is on "America's Interior Position in the Scientific World," and dilates upon the astonishing activity of Germany, France, England, and other lands beyond the sea as compared with this country. It shows that hardly any of the great names which are making this age so scientific are American. There is, also, an important foreword, a preliminary chapter, on the relations of science to progress, wherein creeds and "the hallucinations of dreaming messiahs" are given the scantiest respect. Which simply serves to show that Mr. Snyder does not know quite so much as he thinks he does. Science, in his narrow, material conception, is not yet the whole thing, and never will be.

**Foundations of Faith.** Being a Consideration of the Grounds of Religious Belief, and Especially of the Evidences of Divine Revelation in the Religion of the Bible. By J. E. Gadrey, D. D. Bigham & Smith: Nashville, Tenn. Price, \$1.

The author's purpose is to furnish such a restatement of Christian evidences as may serve the need of intelligent faith and deal fairly with prevalent phases of doubt in view of the new truths which modern researches have brought to light. We judge it to be well done. Such topics as the "Existence of God," "Revelation," "Inspiration," "Miracles," "Prophecies," "Incarnation," "Resurrection," are capably handled. The standpoint of the writer is sufficiently indicated by his views regarding the Bible. He protests against going into the contest with unbelief loaded with groundless assumptions which make victory impossible — assumptions of inerrancy in unimportant matters, a demand to believe that which is unreasonable and which facts contradict on pain of altogether surrendering faith in the Bible. He condemns the effort on the part of many theologians to maintain needless and untenable Biblical theories. The Book, he says, must not be pressed into service in controversies of science. It is enough that we hold it to be "a perfect and sufficient guide in morals." "If a man is inspired to teach us our duty before God, must we assume that

he is, therefore, inspired, and made infallible in history and geography and science?" "There is no single form or measure of inspiration which can apply to the entire Bible." Our author in this will carry the assent, we are confident, of practically all who have taken into account the whole body of facts, and hence are properly competent to form an opinion.

**City Temple Sermons.** By R. J. Campbell, M. A., of London. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, \$1, net.

These sermons, we are told, were taken by a stenographer just as they fell, warm and glowing, from Mr. Campbell's lips. There are twenty-three of them, and they give an excellent idea of Mr. Campbell's ministry at the City Temple — its simplicity, spirituality, and deep evangelical character. Some of the topics are: "God's Remedy for Sin," "The Essence of Christianity," "The Doctrine of Divine Love," "Conscience in Common Life," "Can God Answer Prayer?" Included, also, is the famous Thursday noon (May 21) discourse on "Passive Resistance" to the Iniquitous Education Bill, which aroused such enthusiasm, and the sermon preached to the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches at Brighton, March 10, on "The Prophet in Prayer." The volume is the first of a noteworthy series called "The International Pulpit," and will soon be followed by other volumes containing the discourses of Hillis, Gunsaulus, Lorimer, Watkinson, Dawson, and many more.

**Daughters of Darkness in Sunny India.** By Beatrice M. Harband. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, \$1, net.

Miss Harband is one of the very considerable contingent of missionaries which Australia has furnished to India. She worked for some time in connection with the London Missionary Society among the Telugus at Bellary, in the south, and she very graphically sets forth the condition of things among the women of that region, which is substantially the same as in other parts of the country. The incidents of missionary experience are skillfully woven into a story centering around Sundari, a bright, pretty Hindu girl. The famine, the plague, an abduction, a Mohammedan harlem, and other matters somewhat out of the common are brought in, but facts are closely adhered to. It is an excellent book of more than usual interest. But the publishers' notice or announcement of it is more than usually misleading, for it is not at all, as there represented, a story by a vivacious Hindu girl, distorting in Oriental imagination the work of missions and presenting it from the point of view of the heathen. The whole story is told by the missionary, and is from her point of view purely.

**That Printer of Udell's.** A Story of the Middle West. By Harold Bell Wright. The Book Supply Co.: Chicago. Price, \$1.50.

Mr. Wright is pastor of a large church in Pittsburg, Kan., having had a very varied experience, although only about thirty years of age. He went through the depths of poverty, neglect and dissipation when young; then, reforming, worked his way through Hiram College; then, developing artistic tastes, went to the Ozark regions of Arkansas to paint. This peculiar life has qualified him to write a book which is making no little stir, and is already in the tenth thousand, although out only a short time. It is somewhat after the style of Rev. C. M. Sheldon's volumes, philanthropic and religious as well as sentimental and sensational. But Mr. Sheldon would never perpetrate such disgusting barbarisms of style as occasionally mar this volume. "Rev. Cameron," "Rev. Hartzell," "Rev. Cookrell," is the author's customary way of referring to clergymen. We would like it better, also, if the deficiencies of the

churches were not made so much of and harped upon as though there was little else but hypocrisy and selfishness among them. The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor is represented as containing about all the religion that the church can muster; which may, of course, be true in Mr. Wright's church, but is hardly a fair delineation, we should say, of things in general. However, barring a few flaws of this kind, the book is a good one, strong in construction, powerful in its tragic situations, and helpful as pointing to the great need of a more practical grappling on the part of the churches with the terrible conditions of modern city life, where such multitudes go to destruction with very little effort made by any one to save them. If good people can be waked up to see that something ought straightway to be done in this direction, an excellent work will have been accomplished. And that evidently is the author's design.

**Top or Bottom — Which? A Study of the Factors which Most Contribute to the Success of Young Men.** By Archer Brown (of Rogers, Brown & Co., New York). Printed by Post & Davis: New York. Price, 50 cents.

Brief, stirring introductory pages contributed by Bishop Fowler, Editor Mable, President Angell, Andrew Carnegie, and Irving Bacheller, strongly endorse the principles and teachings of this small, unpretentious volume. It certainly contains an immense amount of good sense, and rules and hints enough to make any youth who heeds them truly successful. "Use and Abuse of Time," "The Power of Choice," "The Influence of Companions," "The Tobacco Habit," "The Amusement Question," are some of the chapter headings. He writes as a business man, a prosperous one evidently, and a Christian

## A Back Number

## The Milk and Egg Diet

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one clearly, and words from such a source condemning the almost universal bondage to the weed, and the foolish waste of time in the harmful diversions of worldly society, may have weight with some who would spurn the same counsel coming from clerical lips. In the last chapter, "Room at the Top," there is, perhaps, a little too much of the notion prevalent in some quarters that anybody who determines to be President can get there. But the author makes no mistake in picking out, as qualities that win, absolute integrity, mental grasp, force of character, executive power, engaging address. But it seems to us evident that to have all these in a large degree is not possible for everybody. They make a rare combination.

**The Higher Realism.** By Dustin Kemble. Jennings & Pyle: Cincinnati. Price, 75 cents, net.

Published by the Methodist Book Concern and dedicated to the memory of Prof. Oliver Marcy, LL. D., of Evanston, this book is undoubtedly orthodox and all right. But we fear its circle of readers will be few. It contains the author's "occasional thoughts on philosophy," with recendite diagrams and schemes and themes far removed from the ordinary paths of common mortals. The chapters are about "General Notions," "Intuition," "Reality," "Consistency," "Transcendancy," and such like topics. The foot-notes show very extensive reading, the references to such writers as Martineau, Cousins, Nordau, Malleck, Lubbock, Draper, Ritschl, Herbert, Bencke, Kant, Hegel, Huxley, Spencer, Weber, Royce, Haeckel, Schopenhauer, being constant. One with a special bent in this direction will find good food here.

**Under Our Flag.** A Study of Conditions in America from the Standpoint of Woman's Home Missionary Work. By Alice M. Guernsey. F. H. Revell Co.: New York. Price, 50 cents, net.

This is a well-prepared book, the first of a series, designed to do for the Home Missionary Societies what "Via Christi" and "Lux Christi" are doing for the Foreign. It is interdenominational, and traverses in an interesting, suggestive, comprehensive way the condition of things among the negroes of the South, the frontier settlers, the Indians, the Chinese, the Mormons, the people of Alaska, and our island possessions. It will have a large sale, and deserves it.

**A General History of Commerce.** By William Clarence Webster, Ph. D. Ginn & Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.40, net.

In five parts — "Ancient Commerce," "Medieval Commerce," "Early Modern Commerce," "Age of Steam," "Age of Electricity" — the author gives a very complete summary of the steady progress

of man in this extremely important department of his social life. It is well fitted for a text-book in schools and colleges, or for general reading. There are ten illustrations — how few are the volumes now deemed complete without this adjunct — and numerous useful maps.

## Magazines

The special features of the *American Monthly Review of Reviews* for August are a character sketch of the late Pope Leo XIII., by W. T. Stead; a sketch of the artist Whistler, who died in London on July 17, by Ernest Knauff, with reproductions of several of Whistler's characteristic works; articles on "The Present Status of the American Labor Movement," by John R. Commons, and "The Plight of the English Worker," by Frank Fayant; and a study of the recent German elections and the triumph of the Socialist party, by Wolf von Schlerbrand. In "The Progress of the World," the editor deals with the Post-Office scandals, the prevalent mob spirit, American diplomacy in the Far East, the coming changes in the army, and the principal current questions in foreign politics. (Review of Reviews Co.: 18 Astor Place, New York.)

Unusually able and pertinent are the several papers in the *North American Review* for August, on "The Proposed British Zollverein," The Rt. Hon. Sir J. E. Gorst, M. P., discusses the question under the head, "A Crushing Burden to the British People;" Archibald R. Colquhoun considers it under the title, "A Policy that would Conserve the Empire;" and H. Loomis Nelson touches it from the standpoint of "Its Effect on United States Trade." Other leading topics treated by specialists are: "Results of the German Elections," "Anglo-American Friendship," "Russia's Fleet," "Federated Labor as a New Power in British Politics," and "Economic Relations of America and Italy." (Franklin Square, New York.)

Special prominence is given in the August *Methodist Magazine and Review* to Paris and its memories, by a well-illustrated article which describes the manifold beauties of the gay capital. Pastor Felix records the tragic history of Chenier, the French poet of the Revolution. "Amid Korean Hills" is an illustrated sketch of a little-known land. Other articles of interest are: "A Study of Swinburne from his Shorter Poems," and "Chinese Hatred of Foreigners." Short sketches are given of Rev. Mark Guy Pearse and Hon. Clifford Sifton. The serial story, and the poems on "London River" and "The Little White Beggars" make up good summer reading. (William Briggs: Toronto.)

The *Homiletic Review* for August contains a goodly number of interesting and suggestive papers, considering practical and pertinent pulpit and ministerial topics. We are glad to see the urgent subject of "Public Prayer" treated so well by Prof. E. J. Wolf. Cunningham Geikie writes in his accustomed vein on "Hints to Preachers by Gregory the Great." Dr. J. E. Rankin writes sympathetically upon "Austin Phelps of Andover." Rev. G. L. Wylie discusses "Who was the Greatest Preacher of the Nineteenth Century?" After mentioning Spurgeon, Joseph Parker, Marcus Dods, Beecher, and Brooks, he gives the laurel to Frederick W. Robertson, of Brighton. Dr. S. H. Rossiter asks: "Has the Gospel Lost its Grip on Men?" There is much other excellent matter. (Fank & Wagnalls Company: New York.)

Though one-third of the pages of the *Atlantic Monthly* for August are devoted to a healthy story entitled, "Daphne: An Autumn Pastoral," there is an attractive group of interesting contributions besides. There are four unusually fine poems: "The Sea Wind," Arthur Ketchum; "Home Acres," R. W. Glider; "The Derelict," Edward N. Pomeroy; "White-Throats in Franconia," Dora Read Goodale. One of the finest articles is from the brilliant pen of Prof. Dallas Lore Sharp on "Birds from a City Roof." "Books New and Old," and the Contributors' Club are pertinent and suggestive. (Houghton, Mifflin & Company: Boston.)

The *Bookman* for August, in its comprehensive pages of "Chronicle and Comment,"

presents a kaleidoscopic glimpse of the authors most prominent in current literary thought. John Wesley is given a full page for the Forster portrait, with note on the Bicentenary. Hamilton W. Mabie has a characteristically fine paper on, "In Aready." An amusing contribution, highly illustrated, is the "History of the Nineteenth Century in Cartoons." "Nine Books of the Day" are critically reviewed. "Tangle Town" is a complete story, and new chapters of "The Sherrods," Geo. Barr McCutcheon's serial, appear. It is a strong and attractive number. (Dodd, Mead & Co.: New York.)

The August *St. Nicholas* is a Vacation Number, very attractive and absorbingly interesting for the young folks, who will open it by shore, or lake, or mountain, or at home. "The Bell Boy's Story," as told by John Weatherby, is very fascinating, as is Parmalee McFadden's account of "How We Boys were Stormbound on Minot's Lighthouse." The girls will particularly enjoy "The Farmonet Tea-Room," by Frances Cole Burr, and the boys will hold their breath as they follow H. S. Canfield "In a Forest Afire." There are new chapters in Howard Pyle's "The Story of King Arthur and his Knights," with an abundance of verses and pictures and nonsense rhymes, in addition to the special departments. (Century Company: New York.)

The *Critic* for August is a special Midsummer Number, and is, therefore, noteworthy. "The Pope's Life in the Vatican" (Pope Leo XIII.) is fully described and finely illustrated. There is a contribution upon "Whistler," the deceased artist; upon "Charles and Mary Lamb;" upon "A Summer Visit to Concord;" and upon "Literary Landmarks in New York." This number carries the peculiar literary flavor characteristic of the *Critic*. (The Critic Company: New Rochelle, N. Y.)

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### The Shabby Period of Life

IT is a curious fact that a certain period of life—usually the years between forty and fifty-five—is more likely to be marked by declining ambition and courage than any other, even a later period. At that time unless the inspiration of large success keeps up the courage and gives color to the daily round of toil, one encounters a strong and almost irresistible tendency to shabbiness in thought, feeling, work and appearance. If one is ever going to grow "seedy," this unfortunate metamorphosis occurs, as a rule, at about the period of middle life. We are sufficiently familiar with the characteristic "seedy" figure to recognize it as a middle-age type. The man with the dejected face, the shiny, threadbare coat, the cheap, unblackened shoes, and the general aspect of defeat and discouragement, is a man, generally, whose hair is just being touched by the first severe frost of time. So, too, the shabby, meagrely dressed, run-down and "beat-out" looking woman, is most likely somewhere in the vicinity of her forty-fifth year. Both the man and the woman who thus display evidences of having reached the shabby period of life may really have "fought a good fight"—kept out of debt, maintained a thoroughly respectable rank in the social life in the community, raised children, and given them good educational advantages, and in general kept free from everything that is distinctly discreditable or humiliating. To use a common term, they have "done fairly well"—indeed, the great majority of those who succumb to middle-age shabbiness have done "fairly well." But the stress of life has been telling on them; the round of daily duty has grown sordid and infinitely wearisome; their days have lost their color; it has grown to be such an effort "just to get along."

And then—acknowledge it or not, as these discouraged people choose—deep in their hearts there rankles a feeling of disappointment with themselves. They lament that they have not made of life what they might, what they hoped to, what others, their associates in youth, have done. The sense of inferiority, of incapacity, embitters them. They grow smaller and smaller in their own eyes; the stimulus of self-respect is gone; and in too many instances they become envious and even evil-wishers, morose, secretive, shunners of their more prosperous friends, and ever more and more relentless despisers of themselves and one another. . . .

What a pity that so many men and women yield to this sort of moral disintegration at a period when the heroism, the fidelity, the self-respect and the courage of life ought to have become cumulative and established! How strange that this peculiar type of cowardice should succeed, as it generally does, the bravery and determination, the grit and steadfastness of a long and creditable struggle! It is hard to understand why any one should be so discouraged after he has done his best—the best that was in him to do, after making allowances for mistakes (which are simply misdirected efforts), handicaps, lack of full opportunity, and that ill-luck for which no one is directly responsible. The only explanation seems to lie in the fact that men and women do not estimate life as relatively as they ought. Their judgments are too positive and arbitrary. They fail to take into the account those thousand and one little things that affect the balance of success. They blame themselves for not having achieved this or that, which others may have achieved, assuming that their chance was equally good, when, as a matter of fact, it was an infinitely inferior chance,

affected by conditions so subtly and seriously different that only God could see from the beginning why this seeker might attain, and that other one must fail to attain. . . . Doubtless, God has used us, and is using us, for the best economic results. His kingdom will come, being what we are; nor shall we be denied our share in it. It is pure selfishness to be dissatisfied with what God has appointed for us—to assume that the race is not getting on as well as it might because we have not personally done better.

I am glad to believe that a good many discouraged people—people who have no real cause for discouragement, after all—do outlive and outgrow the shabby period of life. We see fewer evidences of shabbiness in people over fifty-five years of age, as a rule, than in those who are younger. About fifteen years of middle life may be said to cover the habitual zone of disappointment and depression. After that people accept the results of life with better grace and a more cheerful spirit. The sunshine of a sweeter sanity returns to the aged, and they review the past both more philosophically and with finer spiritual interpretation.

Let me recommend to those who may be struggling through the shabby period of life, first, that they make a just and reasonable estimate of what they have actually accomplished, taking into account all limitations under which they have labored; and, secondly, that they ask the question whether, being what they are, they are not fulfilling God's purpose quite as adequately and acceptably as if their pedestal of wealth or fame were a higher one. Such a study of the situation would, I think, lift the cloud of depression from many a soul which now assumes that, because it has not done as well as some others, it has not done, on the whole, its best; and it might also convince some, who are burdened with a kind of guilty regret because of their personal insignificance, that such a feeling is not only unreasonable and uncalled for, but has its roots in a subtle selfishness. — JAMES BUCKHAM, in *Interior*.

### Board of Church Extension

#### Some Statements

THE Board of Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church has aided in the erection or saving of over 12,500 churches, employing nearly \$8,000,000 for these purposes. The work of the Board has been one of the chief factors not only in extending Methodist Christianity, but in shaping and conserving Anglo-Saxon American Christian civilization. The work of the Board represents the permanent and visible element in aggressive Methodism.

Today there are hundreds of Methodist Episcopal Church organizations without church structures, to shelter them and without altars where the sacraments may be celebrated and where penitents may be led to Christ. The needs are in the cities, on the frontier, in the South, and in our new insular possessions, in Porto Rico and the Philippines. The demands upon the Board are pressing, and the appeals are pitiful.

We must provide religious opportunities for the souls who are peopling the continent and coming from all climes.

We must capture our cities.

We must furnish churches for the rapidly increasing millions of our colored population.

We must build churches in our new insular possessions where a pure Gospel can be preached to liberate the people from

ecclesiastical bondage and win the way from idolatrous superstition.

#### Some Questions

Do you know that \$500 will make sure the erection of a church worth \$2,500 and upwards above the value of the ground, and that the church may bear a memorial name?

Do you know that \$250 will make sure the erection of a church worth \$1,250 and upwards above the value of the ground, and that the church may bear a memorial name?

Do you know that \$100 will make sure the erection of a church worth \$400 and upwards above the value of the ground?

Do you know that \$50 in many places will be such an encouragement to poor people that they will build a modest church?

In each of these cases a church of the value stated will comfortably meet all the demands of the people.

If the Board of Church Extension can secure the money on these different propositions we can cause the erection of 250 churches as the result in the very near future, and in places where we are utterly helpless to aid with our present resources.

JAMES M. KING,

Corresponding Secretary.

Since the Kishineff outrages were committed nearly forty additional Zionist associations have been formed in Germany and Austria. It is expected that there will be an unusually large number of delegates in attendance at the Zionist Congress, which will convene at Basle, Switzerland, at the end of August.

### CAN'T HELP IT

#### Coffee Nerves Always on Edge

The easy way to get rid of coffee nerves on edge is to quit the coffee and drink well-made Postum Food Coffee in its place.

When the Postum is thoroughly boiled it furnishes a rich tasting food drink, and it is then easy and pleasant to shift from the drug to the food coffee.

A Washington lady says: "For a long time I suffered so from nervous headache, and was so weak and worn out all the time, that I was hardly able to do my housework. Every little thing worried me so, and the noise of my two little children almost drove me wild. I tried my best to be kind and patient with them, but it seemed the harder I tried the crosser I grew, until I was discouraged almost to despair. I had been using coffee three times a day for about twelve years. Several months ago I read an article in a religious paper telling about Postum Food Coffee, and I made up my mind coffee was causing my trouble. So I shut down on the coffee, which was easy when I used Postum. My headaches grew more painful at first, but I was not surprised at this, and was determined to let coffee alone and give Postum a fair trial. In a few days Postum had driven most of the drug effects of coffee out of my system. The headaches grew less and finally stopped altogether, and for the past three months I have been a different person. The headaches are all gone, my strength is coming back, nerves are steady, and I feel rested in place of tired all the time."

"I know it was coffee that caused all the trouble, and I am certain that Postum is rapidly repairing all the wrongs that coffee caused. I always tell people when recommending Postum to be sure to make it according to directions; don't forget to boil it 15 minutes." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send to the Company for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500 cooks' contest for 735 money prizes.



## Spiritual Culture Assembly

REV. J. WALLACE WEBB, D. D.

The "Spiritual Culture Society" held an assembly at Ocean Grove, July 14 to 19 inclusive. Sessions were held both morning and afternoon. Bishop Bowman is the honorary president, and Dr. S. F. Upham, of Drew Seminary, is president; Dr. H. A. Gobin, of De Pauw University, is vice-president; Rev. J. E. Gilbert, LL.D., of Washington city, is secretary, and Dr. Homer Eaton, treasurer. The executive council is composed of able ministers from our leading Conferences. The object of the assembly was, "to lay special emphasis on the subject of spirituality; to make a thorough inquiry into the present spiritual condition of Methodism; to learn the secret of its past success; to ascertain what hindrances there may be in the denomination to the highest attainments in piety, and how these hindrances may be removed; to determine what more needs to be done to render the church eminently effective, in all departments, for the largest spiritual advance."

Dr. Gilbert was the leading spirit as organizer and teacher. He is evidently a man of deep spiritual life and analytical mind that sees far into the most abstruse subjects. Some themes of practical and vital importance were considered. Rev. Dr. John Handley, of Long Branch, discussed "The Prayer-meeting as a Factor in the Spiritual Life;" Dr. E. A. Blake treated "Fellowship and Spirituality in the Class System;" Rev. Geo. K. Morris, D. D., of Cleveland, Ohio, spoke on "Deepening the Spiritual Life;" Rev. E. A. Blake, D. D., discussed "The Spiritual Culture of Probationers," and why the loss of so many; "The Spiritual Condition of Early Methodism" was treated in a paper by Dr. S. W. Thomas, editor of *Philadelphia Methodist*; Dr. J. Wallace Webb, of Canandaigua, N. Y., discussed "The Family as an Institute of Spiritual Culture;" Dr. J. M. King considered "The Present Spiritual Condition of Methodism;" Dr. Frank P. Parkin, of Philadelphia, treated "The Sunday-school and Spirituality;" Dr. Don S. Colt, of Baltimore, spoke on "The Revival as a Spiritual Agent and Method;" Dr. J. S. Chadwick considered "The Spiritual Care of Baptized Children."

The lectures were thoughtful and careful. Discussions were vigorous, and were participated in by a large number of ministers present. Some of the older men lamented the changed conditions, and thought we should return to former methods so as to reproduce the old-time power. Others held that the essential thing is not methods, but loyalty and life, then let the Holy Spirit take care of methods; that conditions have changed and cannot be reproduced even by the men who were once masters in such work. Bishop J. N. FitzGerald, being on the platform, was requested to give his views on the subject, but declined.

Dr. Chadwick gave several reasons why revivals do not appear: Absorption of men in business, political matters, social life, the amusement question, Sabbath desecration, decay in family worship, and the too philosophical and ethical style of preaching in many pulpits. A great many good people do not believe in revivals; we should not jump on them, but lead and help them. The way to have a revival, he said, is: 1. Believe in it and prevail in prayer. 2. Believe you can have it. Let the minister arouse himself to a felt need. 3. Preach against sin and for souls. 4. Arouse the church, not the whole church, nor take a week to get them started. Have conviction, and it is imparted to others.

Dr. Gilbert said: "We must fight this battle of sin nearer the cradle. . . . Adult evangelism is not the chief method of Methodism. . . . All children by virtue of the unconditional benefits of the Atonement are members of the kingdom of heaven. . . . Every child is regenerate by the Holy Spirit which works in him. . . . Hence we baptize the child, not because of the parents' faith, nor because it is regenerated by baptism, but it is already

regenerate. . . . There is no saving efficacy in baptism, but a covenant that it shall be treated as a member of the kingdom. As our Discipline holds, the child is already in the kingdom. The parents, preacher and church are all obligated in the covenant. The child has spiritual life, and baptism is to recognize this fact. Then they are to be nurtured and instructed, which training is God's primary method of building both character and His kingdom."

Only a small fraction of the church has come in by any other method than the youthful one. Dr. Gilbert had looked up the statistics, and found that out of 286 ministers of the Genesee Conference 268 were brought to Christ by family influence. In the act of baptism home and church are united in this work. The pastor is to follow that child, inquire after it in the family, and find suitable books to teach the parents how to teach the child. This instruction is to begin as soon as the child can speak. The main thing to teach a class of baptized children is not the catechism, though this is important, but spiritual life in ways suited to their capacity. Then signs of piety will appear early, at which time they may be received into full membership.

The assembly was full of suggestive thoughts from different view-points by able thinkers and can but be helpful. The addresses are to be published in pamphlet form by the *Ocean Grove Echoes*, which, if read, will be profitable to pastors and parents.

## A Word Fitly Spoken

From *Michigan Christian Advocate*.

THE manner in which the late Bishop Taylor once spoke a helpful word to a friend, which resulted in ultimate good to others, was told in these columns a few weeks ago.

Now comes Bishop McCabe with a letter bearing date July 24, which so aptly illustrates the same subject that we gladly publish it in full. He says:

*Evansville, Ill., July 24, 1903.*

DEAR DR. POTTS: I spent last Sabbath at Fort Dodge, Iowa, and was the guest of Rev. J. J. Dolliver, the father of Senator Dolliver. He told me a story that thrilled my heart, and I tell it to you.

Many years ago he was on a circuit in West Virginia. He was riding to his circuit one Sunday morning and saw striding on before him a tall, awkward young man carrying a string of fish which he had just caught. Instead of scolding him for going a-fishing on Sunday, Brother Dolliver rode beside him and conversed with him. He talked to him about his future and about what he was going to make of himself. He advised him to give his heart to God, become a Christian, go to school, and get an education.

It was a word spoken in season. The young man was none other than Rev. T. B. Hughes, now of the Iowa Conference, and the father of Rev. E. H. Hughes, president-elect of De Pauw University, and Rev. M. S. Hughes, pastor of Independence Avenue Church, Kansas City. What a wonderful moment it was in the life of that Sabbath-breaking West Virginia stripling, when a faithful Methodist preacher opened up to him his possible future!

This is an illustration of what a word will sometimes do. "A word spoken in season, now good it is."

Yours faithfully,

C. C. MCCABE.

## Manley Against Resubmission

From *Boston Herald*.

THE following is correspondence between Frank W. Gowen, of Waterville, Me., secretary and treasurer of the legislative temperance committee, and Hon. J. H. Manley, in regard to the extra session of the Legislature taking up the issue of resubmission and the enforcement of the prohibitory laws. Mr. Manley's firm stand for prohibition will have great weight in Maine:

*Waterville, Me., Aug. 3, 1903.*

HON. J. H. MANLEY—MY DEAR SIR: The resubmissionists are making some effort to have

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That's the question to ask when any one offers you ordinary witch hazel as a substitute for POND'S EXTRACT—the old family doctor—the sure cure for

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But what do you know about ordinary witch hazel? Who makes it? Why is it so common? Because water is cheap. POND'S EXTRACT has been known for 60 years. It costs more because it is the pure unadulterated extract of *Hamamelis*, the most wonderful remedial agent known. If you want to be cured you must get POND'S EXTRACT.

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our special session of the Legislature resubmit the question of prohibition to the people. Now, as you are a candidate for the highest office in the gift of the people of Maine, and are known to favor prohibition and the enforcement of the laws, would you be so kind as to give me your views at this time on the matter referred to? The legislative temperance committee desires to get the expression of our distinguished citizens irrespective of party on this question, and I intend to address a public letter very soon to the Hon. William T. Cobb, who is also a candidate for Governor, and learn his views on this matter, and to see just how he stands on the prohibition issue. The legislative temperance committee is meeting with excellent success in organizing the entire State against resubmission and license. Maine will stand firm for prohibition.

Yours very truly,  
FRANK W. GOWEN.

Following is Mr. Manley's reply to Mr. Gowen:

*Augusta, Me., Aug. 5, 1903.*

FRANK W. GOWEN—MY DEAR SIR: Your letter received. I want to say to you very frankly that the session of the Legislature the first of September will not resubmit the question of prohibition to the people. They have already passed upon that, and it cannot be resubmitted and should not be submitted. I am for prohibition and the enforcement of the law right up to the hilt, and I am firm upon this position, and I propose to remain so. The principle of prohibition has come to stay in Maine. I am,

Sincerely Yours,  
J. H. MANLEY.



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## THE CONFERENCES

## MAINE CONFERENCE

## Lewiston District

*Lewiston, Hammond Street.*—One clear conversion has occurred recently, and others are seeking. Since Conference 5 have joined in full. The Sunday-school and League are doing well. At a recent social meeting Rev. G. D. Holmes' daughter presided at the piano, and his son—who is doing missionary work during the summer in Aroostook County—assisted in the service.

*Chebeague.*—Sunday, Aug. 2, was an ideal day to visit this beautiful island. Summer visitors were well represented in the congregation. Rev. W. B. Eldridge has been leading off in further improvements in the church, and the Ladies' Church Aid Society, which was organized last year, has been an important factor in the work. Last year the ladies paid \$40 on the salary; this year they have put a fine window in the front of the church at a cost of \$25. The walls and ceiling of the church are sheathed with hard pine, and these, with the pews, have received a new coat of varnish. The old carpet has been cleaned and repaired, and eighty-five yards of new carpeting have been laid in the aisles, on the platform, etc. Four large Rochester burners have been put in place, and now the auditorium is as neat and well lighted as need be. The whole improvements aggregate \$150, and the bills are paid. During the drought a fire got started in the woods of Mr. Ballard, a wealthy Philadelphia lawyer, and the new bell on the Methodist Church summoned the people to fight the fire. To show his appreciation he gave the church \$55 towards the improvements. Through the efforts of Mrs. Aaron Cleaves a fine new communion service has been purchased. Two class-meetings are sustained. Finances are well up. The pastor is a student, and keeps an eye out for the best new books. Two young daughters are earning good wages.

*Long Island.*—A brother had planned to take us to Long Island in his dory, but the breeze was rather stiff, and he thought we would better take the steamer; and we thought so, too! But the hilarity, smoking, profanity and hawking of cigars and Sunday papers were not very edifying. God spread out the waters of this famous Casco Bay, and He dotted it with these beautiful islands, and peopled the waters with the finny tribe; and why cannot men and women enjoy these things in a sensible and reverent way? We found Rev. Felix Powell and his young wife pleasantly settled in the cozy new parsonage. Mr. Powell is an Italian. He was converted in Brunswick under the labors of Rev. W. B. Dukeshire. From Brunswick he went to Kent's Hill, and from there to Drew Seminary. Last April he joined the Maine Conference on trial. Long Island is a splendid place to try him! There is a large number of summer visitors here. On Sunday evenings they fill the church, and extra seats are frequently needed. Both the pastor and his wife know how to sing and work, and they are very popular. Eight have been converted, and four have joined on probation. A Sunday-school and preaching service are also held at a school-house on another part of the island on Sunday mornings. The pastor catechizes the children, visits and prays with the people, and God is blessing his labors. The cash salary was estimated at \$375. This is less than Chestnut Street Church pays, but it is more in proportion to their ability; and with a fine garden, and plenty of clams only a few rods away, and \$50 missionary money, they will come out better at the end of the year than the presiding elder. (We will try and not be envious!) Sixty copies of our Hymnal have been presented by generous friends. A first-class dentist in Portland did a fine job for Mr. Powell (he is now a golden-mouthed orator), which, with the min-

ister's discount, amounted to \$30, and the bill was presented him. It was a surprise. Revs. C. F. Parsons and W. Canham assisted us in the service. More than twice as many remained to partake of the sacrament of the Supper as we have ever seen before. Rev. L. H. Bean did a great thing for this people when he built the parsonage. Quite an amount is still resting on him. Some one (or ones) ought to come to his relief. We did not know that we should ever have occasion to write so long an item in reference to this charge; but we have occasion, and we thank God for it.

*West Cumberland and South Gray.*—Rev. W. H. Congdon, one of our stalwart (270 pounds) local preachers, is serving this charge. He has entered into the labors of Rev. David Pratt, who did so much to improve the property; and Mr. Congdon is no novice in this kind of work. Already three fine new horse-sheds have been erected at West Cumberland at a cost of \$75. These, with the old ones, furnish ample accommodation for the horses. Good congregations, bills paid to date, good social meetings, and great harmony are the indications of good here. The pastor has found his way into a large number of homes. Though not a young man, he does not intend to grow rusty intellectually, and has just added \$24 worth of books to his library. Mrs. Congdon's health is much improved.

*Lisbon Falls.*—Four have recently joined in full from probation, and one by letter. The work is going well.

*Miscellaneous.*—Children's Day has been generally observed and good collections taken. Sunday-school picnics are the order of the day. Twenty or more cottages are now occupied on the East Poland camp-ground. A. S. L.

## Augusta District

*Waterville.*—The first quarterly conference was marked by good feeling and brotherly love. The reports were all excellent. The pastor, Rev. C. W. Bradley, and family received a most cordial welcome and reception when they came to this charge. Children's Day was properly observed, and a goodly sum taken for Education. The bicentennial of John Wesley was celebrated, July 12, with services all day—Rev. H. E. Dunnack, of Augusta, preaching in the afternoon. In the evening seven young men gave addresses. July 23, a pleasant affair occurred when a fine crayon portrait of Mr. M. C. Foster was presented to the church. The service took the place of the Sunday-school. Miss Sarah Copp, who is the superintendent, gave the opening address, and the pastor presented the portrait with appropriate remarks. E. R. Drummond, church treasurer, gave an address on the twenty-five years of Mr. Foster's connection with Pleasant St. Church. H. L. Emery, one of the trustees, spoke for a few moments, and then read letters from former pastors, Revs. A. W. Pottle and W. F. Berry, and from F. S. Clay, a former class-leader. Mr. Foster replied with a great deal of feeling, appreciating the honor conferred upon him, and thanking the donors for the gift of the church. The whole affair was a complete surprise to Mr. Foster, and was a slight token of the high esteem in which he is held by the church—a very deserving token of love for a fellow-worker past his threescore and ten. Miss Sarah Copp, for the twelfth time, has been elected Sunday-school superintendent—a grand record. During the quarter 2 were receive on probation, 1 admitted from probation, and 4 baptized. The collection for Church Aid amounted to \$11, and that for Tracts to \$4. The pastor has made many pastoral visits, and he and his family are greatly loved by the church. Class-leader Maxim reports ten additions since last quarterly conference. Only good is reported from every department of church work.

*Augusta.*—Rev. H. E. Dunnack for the fourth time was appointed to this charge last Conference, and every one feels that no mis-

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take was made. Prosperity is following in the wake of this pastor, and his personality is felt in church and city. All bills are paid to date, with money in the treasury. It is the purpose of this church to raise \$1,500 for a new organ, and \$500 for improvements this season, and quite a part of the money is in hand at the present time. Perhaps no pastor made a greater and more successful attempt to celebrate the 200th birthday of the founder of the Methodist Church than Rev. H. E. Dunnack. He planned, and saw that his plans were executed, and the plan took in not only his own church at Augusta, but our churches at Hallowell and Gardiner; and he also had the courage to cross the Kennebec River and take in Randolph, holding mass meetings in each place, which covered two weeks' time, from June 14-21. These Methodist churches united in a grand celebration in honor of John Wesley, but the climax was reached when the principal event took place in the vestry of our church at Augusta on the evening of June 15. This was the bicentenary banquet, which was said to be by far the most elaborate program attempted by any church in many years. The decorations were beautiful, and the banquet was unsurpassed in quality and quantity. Many sayings of Wesley were hung on the walls of the vestry where the banquet was served. Col. R. W. Soule presided, and made the opening address. An orchestra furnished music while the people gathered and during the banquet. Augusta's famous male quartet (Abnaki) sang for the literary program, which included addresses by Revs. C. W. Bradley, W. S. Bovard, Norman McKinnon (Cong.), G. H. Palmer and R. N. Joscelyn. Tickets to the number of 100 were sold at a dollar per plate; many more could have been sold, but lack of place for entertaining forbade further sale. It was a marked success in every sense of the word; but for fear the editor will not allow space for comment, we forego the pleasure, and leave each to form his own opinion. We can only say that pastor and people are happy over the result.

*Hallowell.*—It was our privilege to run this ranch, one Sunday, while the shepherd of the flock was away taking a little rest. It was a delightful Sunday—to us; but perhaps we would better let the people answer for themselves. We found things in good shape, as we expected. Sixty-five copies of "Pentecostal Hymns" have been placed in the vestry for use. The first Sunday in May the pastor, Rev. Walter

Turning gray? Why not have the early, dark, rich color restored? It's easily done with Ayer's Hair Vigor.

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Lowell, Mass.



Canham, preached the annual sermon to the Odd Fellows, when he was greeted with \$25 for a congregation. Children's Day was observed, when one infant was baptized; and the first Sabbath in July, 1 adult was baptized and 2 taken on probation. The pastor made 276 calls, officiated at five funerals, and solemnized four marriages during the quarter. Evangelist H. L. Gale will begin labors in Hallowell early in the fall. The parsonage has been painted inside and the ceilings whitened, two rooms papered, and new window shades hung. A grand mass meeting was held in June commemorating the 200th birthday of John Wesley. The trustees have recently received \$1,000 by the will of the late Judge Baker. The pastor has raised for Church Aid, \$15, Education, \$5, and Children's Fund, \$3. The pastor and family received a warm welcome last spring when they returned from Conference, and were given a royal reception. Mr. Canham and family are greatly loved by his people. We found in the evening service a good religious feeling, many taking part in the meeting—in fact, a real revival interest.

**Gardiner.**—Rev. N. R. Joscelyn, the pastor, was transferred last spring from the Wilmington Conference and stationed at Gardiner by Bishop Andrews. He and his family have found a warm hearted people, who gave them a real Methodist reception and made them feel at home at once. Mr. Joscelyn is a great worker and a good pastor, having made, at the time of our call, 390 pastoral visits. His Sabbath congregations are large, and the evening service is well attended and very lively—"like old times," the brethren say. Mr. Joscelyn will receive a cordial hand-gasp from his brethren in the ministry, for we gladly welcome all good men who come among us. Finances are well in hand, and the plan is to pay as they go and keep out of debt—an excellent plan. We wish every church and individual would adopt it. There would be fewer hard times.

**Special Notice.**—Will the pastors on the district please call the attention of the district stewards to the fact that the district stewards' meeting will be held at East Livermore Camp-ground, Wednesday, (Aug. 19), at 1 P. M.? It is desirable that every district steward be present.

**Richmond.**—Rev. R. A. Rich is pastor, and a new pastor, and he and his wife feel that they have "struck it rich," in that their lot is cast in Richmond for this year at least. Again we can say that pastor and people are happy. A fine reception at the opening of the year, splendid congregations, earnest religious feeling, twelve beginning the Christian life, 150 pastoral visits made, the pastor over-paid to date, the presiding elder paid for the year at the first call, insurance renewed and paid, church property newly shingled at a cost of \$76—these are some of the things that have been done since Conference, including the payment of the moving expenses. Mr. Rich is a good preacher, pastor, and singer, and has formed a male quartet, he being first tenor. We were present at a meeting which was held on Monday evening to ac-

commodate us, at which sixty were present, very many of whom prayed or spoke, or both—a real revival service. Mr. Rich at the present time is preaching at South Gardiner, and expects to get things in shape there soon for regular work.

**Bowdoinham.**—This old, historic church of Methodism is cared for by Rev. A. K. Bryant for the second year. Good reports were made at the quarterly conference, all revealing the fact that excellent work had been done in every department. The pastor goes out every Sunday afternoon to hold services in schoolhouses, and the people in the outlying districts greatly appreciate the service. The Sunday-school, under the leadership of Mr. W. D. Hutchins, is in a prosperous condition. Quite extensive repairs on the church edifice are contemplated in the near future. A piece of the wall on the back side of the church must be taken down and rebuilt, as it endangers the church property as it is, and needed improvements will be made inside of church and vestry. At least \$1,000 is needed to do what is in the mind of the trustees. We hope their courage will be up to their convictions as to the demands in the line of repairing, for the church sadly needs special attention, and at once. C. A. S.

## EAST MAINE CONFERENCE

### Rockland District

**Windsor Circuit.**—Rev. H. E. Stetson was appointed to this charge at the last Conference, and has laid hold of his work with characteristic energy. The various points of the circuit are faithfully cared for. Only men not easily frightened by distances and much labor can hope to succeed on our East Maine Conference circuits. Mr. Stetson and his good wife are well pleased with their new home, and the people speak in high praise of their earnest pastor and his family. Mr. Stetson is often absent from home several nights in a week upon distant parts of his charge. Mrs. Stetson enjoys (?) some of the amenities (?) of a presiding elder's family!

**North and East Vassalboro.**—Not in many years has this charge enjoyed a larger measure of prosperity than under the present pastorate of Rev. Benjamin G. Seaboyer. The third year began most auspiciously. An enjoyable reception was tendered the pastor, on which occasion he was presented with an elegant Morris chair. Children's Day was observed with great interest. Wesley day was observed by union services, in which the pastors of the other denominations enthusiastically joined. On this occasion Mr. Wm. Reynolds, one of the trustees—not a member of the church, but not far from the kingdom—presented the church with \$100 as a Wesley memorial. All services are finely attended. Sunday-school reports were excellent. The pastor recently received \$25 for a service before one of the prominent orders in Waterville, and with it placed a new platform

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and altar rail in the church at North Vassalboro as a present to his people.

**Randolph and Chelsea.**—Rev. Charles W. Lowell, who began his work on this charge in May under circumstances not the most favorable, is rapidly winning his way among his people and all the community. A cordial reception was given, and the life of the church is looking up. A carpet was left for the parsonage by Sister Lawrence, lately deceased. Mr. and Mrs. Lowell have recently adopted a little lad left motherless by the death of Mrs. Lowell's sister. He is a bright and affectionate little fellow, who attacks one's heart irresistibly. This adoption is in the line of valuable Christian work whose chief end is not more objective than subjective.

**East Pittston Circuit.**—Always full of hope and a bright courage, Rev. L. L. Harris is having a lift to his heart by the fixed purpose of his people to push that church to completion as soon as haying is past. The pastor's home is a rented farm, and haying is one of the "pastoral" activities of this pastor. So, and in other ways, he keeps in closest touch with his people, and they "have a mind" to gather around him.

**Camp meetings.**—They are close upon us at Northport and at Nobleboro. Shall we not take them upon our hearts and make them seasons of refreshing by a consecrated purpose to be present and to labor for salvation?

T. F. J.

## VERMONT CONFERENCE

### St. Albans District

**Richford.**—The Ladies' Aid Society is responsible for a new toilet-room recently put into the church, and for water in the kitchen also.

**West Berkshire.**—Rev. A. W. Ford, the altogether alive pastor, is pushing the battle along victorious lines. He not only fights the devil, but builds up Christ's kingdom. There are three preaching places on the charge. This calls for three sermons one Sunday and two the next, also a Sunday-school class and ten miles of travel. The churches at East and South Franklin have both been newly roofed with the best material. The church at West Berkshire has been painted and grained within, and new windows of modern pattern have been put in throughout. Painting, graining, and papering have also been done in the parsonage. Total cost \$350, and bills all paid. Recently 5 adults and 4 children have been baptized and received on probation. If the people have no complaints, the pastor is leading them in some most earnest appeals to the throne of grace for the conversion of sinners, the sanctification of believers, the repeal of the present liquor law, and the overthrow of Satan's kingdom. Some at least are doing what they can to bring about these results. It would be a good plan for every Christian on the district to join them.

**Personal.**—The presiding elder's office is not such an easy one that any one wishing a soft place would better apply. Take a sample trip: Saturday afternoon, ride seventeen miles over

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the hills and hold a quarterly conference in the evening; Sunday morning, preach and administer the sacrament, eat a hurried luncheon, drive five to eight miles and perform a like service; then drive as many more miles, and in the evening again hold a service like the other two; Monday morning hold another quarterly conference, then drive home twenty miles—and by that time all the physical strength a man has is used up. The above is a common experience for Dr. C. S. Nutter, our efficient sub-bishop.

Rev. Geo. E. Deuel and family have gone to Chicago. Mr. Deuel enters Garrett Biblical Institute this fall.

**Camp-meeting and Bible School.**—St. Albans District Camp-meeting will open on the grounds at Sheldon, Aug. 24, and continue one week. The week preceding something new under the sun (for us) is to be inaugurated. It is a Bible school, for which the fertile brain of Dr. Nutter is responsible. It is almost certain to be found so helpful and enjoyable that it will become a permanent institution. It will open Monday night, Aug. 17, with an address by Rev. E. M. Fuller, field secretary of the Vermont S. S. Association. He will also speak on Tuesday and Wednesday nights. Rev. O. S. Baketel, D. D., field worker of the S. S. Union for New England, will take the hour Thursday night. A devotional service will be held for half an hour each morning at 8.30. At 9 o'clock each day there will be an address—Tuesday and Wednesday by Rev. G. L. Story, Thursday by Rev. F. T. Clark, Friday by Rev. Jacob Finger, and Saturday by Rev. D. L. Evans. At 10 o'clock Rev. M. T. Morrill, pastor of the Christian Church, Woodstock, will conduct a study of the life of Christ. He will occupy this hour four days. On Saturday Dr. Baketel will occupy the hour. At 11 o'clock each day Rev. G. W. Hunt will take charge of a workers' conference. The afternoon of each day will be given to recreation. A large number of people on the district should avail themselves of this splendid opportunity for help and inspiration personally, and as an aid to better service for Christ and the church.

RUBLIW.

## N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

### Norwich District

**Portland.**—This church—Rev. J. B. Ackley, pastor—fittingly observed its fiftieth anniversary on Sunday and Monday, July 26-27. The weather was delightful, the church prettily decorated for the occasion, and the attendance and interest excellent. On Sunday morning Presiding Elder Bartholomew preached grandly from Isaiah 62:1. At 6.15 P. M. a roll-call of the Epworth League was responded to by a large percentage of the 66 members. At 7 o'clock a historical sketch of "Methodism in Portland," prepared by Miss Mary E. Kramer, was read by Miss Emily Ellsworth and Miss Lillian Hick. The choir furnished special music, and the services of the day were greatly enjoyed. Monday afternoon a social reunion of former and present friends and members of the church brought

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together a good company of congenial spirits. Supper was served from 6 to 8, after which letters were read from former pastors. Fraternal greetings were given by Rev. Mr. Crawford, of the Congregational Church, and interesting words of reminiscence were spoken by Mr. O. W. Mack, the only original surviving member now connected with the church, and others.

**New London.**—The Epworth League, under the enthusiastic leadership of the pastor, Rev. W. S. McIntire, is watchful for every opportunity to make its influence felt for righteousness. The announcement that Troop A of the Connecticut National Guard had received orders to begin its march from New Haven to Niantic camp on Sunday morning, Aug. 9, brought forth a vigorous protest from the League chapter at New London, and a call was issued asking other Leagues on the district to co-operate to forward the protest to the Adjutant General. The order has been countermanded, and the troop will start on Saturday and rest on Sunday. Congratulations to these vigilant guardians of the Christian Sabbath, and let all Epworthians "go and do likewise."

SCRIPTUM.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

### Concord District

**Wetrs.**—Rev. J. H. Mansfield, D. D., of Brookline, presiding elder of Cambridge District, New England Conference, who is having a short vacation at his summer home on Pine Island, Lake Winnepesaukee, preached a very interesting and able sermon at the Wetrs Church, Sabbath morning, Aug. 2.

## NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

### Springfield District

**Asbury, Springfield.**—The pastor, Rev. H. L. Wriston, received one more probationer on the morning of Aug. 2, and reports that the meetings for the summer months have been of unusual interest and profit. Mr. and Mrs. Wriston have gone to Maine to spend the month of August, visiting various places, among them Littleton camp-ground, where Mr. Wriston will preach.

**South Hadley Falls.**—The people of this charge took a lively interest in Old Home week, which occurred July 26 to Aug. 1, and the pastor, Rev. John Wriston, preached, on July 26, a sermon appropriate to the occasion.

F. M. E.

## METHODISM OUT OF DOORS

REV. GEORGE HUGHES, D. D.

**M**ETHODISM has won some of its most brilliant triumphs out of doors. This is true both of its early and modern history. It was originated with special reference to the masses, and its methods were so providentially ordered as to give it access to the poor, degraded and down-trodden multitudes; and large numbers through its instrumentality were made subjects of salvation.

There have been lately many discussions of the question, "How to reach the masses." Mr. Moody, once, referring to these discussions, said: "The way to reach the masses is to go to the masses." That was a short, concise, and comprehensive answer to this great question. This world-evangelist, in his answer, embodied much wisdom.

Methodism in its early developments was by the force of circumstances led out to the fields where, under the blue canopy of the heavens, Wesley, Whitefield and others proclaimed the glorious Gospel to thronging multitudes. The doors of the churches were closed against them, notwithstanding they had an honorable ministerial standing in the Church of England and maintained loyalty to its doctrines and usages.

There is an incident in Wesley's early life, of thrilling and marvelous import—his preaching on his father's tombstone. He was driven to do this by the opposition which he encountered. A work has recently been issued by our Book Concern, entitled, "John Wesley the Methodist." It is

a handsome volume, reviving with freshness and vividness the main facts of Wesley's life and work. It is a timely issue, and should be widely circulated. It refers to the tombstone preaching incident thus:

"Four months before his mother's death Wesley revisited his birthplace, Epworth. The curate was now Mr. Romley, who had been schoolmaster at Wroote, had been assisted by Wesley's father in preparing for Oxford, and had been his amanuensis and curate. On Sunday morning Wesley offered to assist Mr. Romley either by preaching or reading the prayers, but the curate would have none of his help. In the afternoon Wesley took his seat in the church, which was crowded in consequence of a rumor that he would preach. Romley preached a florid and rhetorical sermon against 'enthusiasm,' with evident reference to Methodism.

"But the people were not to be disappointed. As they came out John Taylor announced that Mr. Wesley, not being permitted to preach in the church, would preach in the churchyard at six o'clock. At that hour he stood on his father's tombstone and preached to the largest congregation ever seen in Epworth. 'The scene was unique and inspiring—a living son preaching on a dead father's grave because the parish priest would not allow him to officiate in a dead father's church.' 'I am well as—

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# SUMMER BEDS



We want to call attention to the new designs in Brass Bedsteads this season, and to emphasize in passing that many stores have not as yet bought the new designs, since the old patterns of last fall must first be sold.

For us our Annual Clearance Sale in February effected a general closing out of all our unsold bedsteads of last season, and the new styles which we are now exhibiting, while costing no more than the old, are a long advance over them in artistic beauty.

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### CHURCH REGISTER

#### HERALD CALENDAR

|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| Richmond, Me., Camp meeting,  | Aug. 7-17       |
| Littleton Camp-meeting,   | Aug. 8-23       |
| East Livermore Camp-meeting,  | Aug. 14-24      |
| Martha's Vineyard Camp-meeting,   | Aug. 16-23      |
| Bunker Hill Camp-meeting,   | Aug. 16-23      |
| Annual Convention of Norwich Dist. Ep. League at Willimantic Camp-ground, | Aug. 17         |
| Weirs Camp-meeting, Weirs, N. H.,   | Aug. 17-22      |
| Willimantic Camp-meeting,   | Aug. 17-25      |
| Claremont Junction Camp-meeting,  | Aug. 17-23      |
| Augusta Dist. Stewards' Mtg., 1 p. m., at East Livermore Camp-ground,     | Aug. 19         |
| Sterling Ep. League Assembly,   | Aug. 19-22      |
| Ithiel Falls Camp-meeting, Johnson, Vt.,                                  | Aug. 21-31      |
| Dover Dist. Camp-meeting, Hedding, N. H.,                                 | Aug. 23-29      |
| Wilmot Camp-meeting,  | Aug. 24-29      |
| Lyndonville Camp-meeting, Vt.,  | Aug. 24-29      |
| Sterling Camp-meeting,  | Aug. 24-29      |
| Nobleboro Camp-meeting,   | Aug. 24-29      |
| Foxcroft Camp-meeting,  | Aug. 24-30      |
| Laurel Park Camp-meeting,   | Aug. 24-30      |
| Empire Grove Camp-meeting at East Poland, Me.,                            | Aug. 24-31      |
| North Anson Camp-meeting,   | Aug. 24-31      |
| Sheldon Camp-meeting, Vt.,  | Aug. 24-31      |
| East Machias Camp-meeting,  | Aug. 25-29      |
| Lewiston Dist. Ep. League Cabinet Mtg. at Empire Grove Camp-ground,       | Aug. 27         |
| Northport Camp-meeting,   | Aug. 31-Sept. 5 |
| Allen Camp-meeting at Strong,   | Aug. 31-Sept. 6 |
| Asbury Grove Camp-meeting, Hamilton, Mass.,                               | Aug. 31-Sept. 7 |
| Groveton Camp-meeting,  | Sept. 7-12      |

NOTICE. — The Allen Camp-meeting at Strong has been postponed to Aug. 31-Sept. 6.  
A. S. LADD.

WANTED. — A competent book-keeper and manager of finances for an educational institution located in one of the best cities of the South. Compensation moderate, but position permanent. Confer with representative at Magee's Book Rooms, 36 Bromfield St., Monday, Aug. 17, 9 to 10 a. m.

NEW ENGLAND METHODIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY. — A meeting of the New England Methodist Historical Society is called for Monday next, Aug. 17, at 9 a. m., at its rooms, 36 Bromfield St., Boston.

WILLIAM CLAFLIN, President.

#### ONLY A MASK

Many are not being benefited by the summer vacation as they should be. Now, notwithstanding much outdoor life, they are little if any stronger than they were. The tan on their faces is darker and makes them look healthier, but it is only a mask. They are still nervous, easily tired, upset by trifles, and they do not eat or sleep well. What they need is what tones the nerves, perfects digestion, creates appetite, and makes sleep refreshing, and that is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Pupils and teachers generally will find the chief purpose of the vacation best subserved by this great medicine, which, as we know, "bull's up the whole system."

sure," writes Wesley, "that I did far more good to my Lincolnshire parishioners by preaching three days on my father's tomb than by preaching three years in his pulpit."

"He could not resist the appeal to remain a few days longer, and on eight evenings he preached from the tomb-pulpit. In the daytime he visited the surrounding villages. . . .

"The churchyard services were attended with amazing power. On the Saturday evening Wesley's voice was drowned by the cries of penitents, and many then and there found rest for their souls. His last service at Epworth lasted three hours, 'and yet,' says Wesley, 'we scarce knew how to part.'

"Methodism in Lincolnshire owes its organized churches to the service of Wesley in his father's churchyard. . . . In 1761 he writes: 'I find the work of God increases on every side, but particularly in Lincolnshire, where there has been no work like this since the time I preached on my father's tomb.' His last visit to Epworth was paid just eight months before his death when he preached in the market-place to a large crowd, on 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?'

This tombstone preaching was a thrilling scene in Methodist history. It was the inauguration of a powerful method of reaching the masses of the unsaved. Mr. Wesley wisely recognized the fact that men are the same in all time, and that the human heart is ever susceptible of being reached by fiery gospel approaches. The mighty and glorious Gospel of the Son of God will accomplish wonders, if it be allowed to have the right of way, whether among the cultured and refined of the upper circles, so-called, or among the degraded colliers of Newcastle.

The outdoor methods of Wesley and Whitefield have been demonstrated to be full of adaptability and aggressive and saving power in these modern years. Our wide-reaching camp-meeting system is declarative of this. We have witnessed the most magnificent displays of Divine power in the assemblies in the groves, which the eye of man could look upon. We have seen power from on high come leaping upon the gathered multitudes like an avalanche, and sweep the ground resistlessly. We have heard the awful cries of stricken penitents by the hundred imploring mercy, commingling with the deep-toned hallelujahs of the saints.

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## OBITUARIES

"The loved and lost!" Why do we call them lost?  
Because we miss them from our onward road?  
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crost,  
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,  
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.

They are not lost; they are within the door  
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing—  
With angels bright and loved ones gone before,  
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,  
And God himself their Lord and Judge and King.

And this we call a "loss." Oh, selfish sorrow  
Of selfish hearts! Oh, we of little faith!  
Let us look round some argument to borrow  
Why we in patience should await the morrow  
That surely must succeed this night of death.

— Selected.

**Tompson.**—Helen Reade Tompson, the only daughter of Rev. and Mrs. Joseph H. Tompson, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., was born at Lunenburg, Mass., Nov. 17, 1881. In infancy she was baptized by Rev. Dr. Daniel Dorchester, then presiding elder. When ten years of age she was admitted into the Methodist Episcopal Church at Wakefield, on probation, and four years later, at Whitinsville, into full membership. June 4, 1903, in her 20th year, she was welcomed to the church triumphant.

Nurtured in a Methodist preacher's home, under the wise and sympathetic training of her devoted mother, the development of her spiritual life was most beautiful. When two and a half years of age she took her turn in leading the family devotions. When between five and six one Sunday she was found crying, and when questioned by her mother tearfully replied: "I do, I do, want to be a Christian." Taught wisely by her loving mother, her tears were soon wiped away and her little heart filled with peace. This early experience comforted her much at the last.

Her religious life was not demonstrative, but marked rather by depth and fidelity. When a child she was regular and helpful in her attendance at the Junior League. At Highlandville she taught in the kindergarten of the Sunday-school, and at St. Andrew's a class of girls. For the latter she was most solicitous, and in life and in death exerted over them a most blessed influence. The reality of her spiritual life was evidenced by a profound aspiration to be more Christlike and by a deep yearning to win others to the Saviour.

Her victory over death was glorious. In the last and trying experiences the vitality of her faith was made sublimely manifest. Her sufferings were at times terrible, but she was most patient, and her trust in Christ was unwavering. "It is all right," she said. "I am one of His little lambs, and He carries them in His bosom." Favorite passages of God's Word were full of comfort, precious hymns brought her joy, and her daily season of prayer with her mother strengthened her with might. Though passing through the valley of death, she said, with an experience similar to that of Bishop Haven: "There isn't any shadow—yet;" nor did she find any. Death to her was a journey to the "better land." Everything was done to keep her here, but at length she became rather restive to depart: "Mamma, why didn't you let me go? It looks very pleasant over there."

One Sunday when the congregation in the church (which is next to the parsonage) were singing, she seemed to have a vision of the Saviour. As she stood trembling and wistful on the outskirts of a great assembly, Jesus appeared and approached her. "He let me worship Him," was her humble and exultant testimony. She told her father of the vision, and when she ceased she closed her eyes, a smile lit up her countenance, and she seemed transfigured. Such sacred scenes in the midst of scenes heartrending brought heaven near and made the last days ever memorable. The priv-

ilege I had of taking her white hand, kneeling at her side in prayer, looking at her heaven-lit face, stir me with holy emotions as I write. And many are they who will ever be thus blessed as they remember her.

At her death she was a student in Boston University, and her future was full of bright promise. Her affection for her honored father and her two brothers was touching. Her thoughtful and unselfish devotion to her mother was beautiful to see, and the sincerity of her love for her friends charming indeed. Oh, how she is missed! But it is God's will, and God is good.

At her funeral the church was filled with sorrowing hearts. Tender tributes were spoken, sweet hymns, dear to her, were sung, earnest prayers were offered. The home of the blessed seemed not far away. In the casket lay her body, beautiful as a lily. Her pure spirit is gone to join the white-robed, to await the coming of those she dearly loved on earth.

WILLARD T. FERRIN.

**Babcock.**—Clara Albee Parkman, wife of Rev. D. C. Babcock, D. D., was born, Dec. 10, 1832, at South Milford, Mass., and died at West Derry, N. H., July 2, 1903. She was the second child of John A. and Clarissa Parkman, both of whom died at Sutton, Mass., the mother in 1863, and the father in 1885.

Clara was educated to teach at the Bridge-water (Mass.) Normal School, and taught school for about twenty terms. She was married to Rev. Daniel Clark Babcock, April 25, 1860, one year before he joined the New Hampshire Conference. They spent their first year at Newbury, Vt., where he was at school, and the next three years at Concord, N. H., where he took a course in theology. His appointments were at Bow, Penacook, Salem Depot, Somersworth, Claremont, Manchester and Nashua until 1872, when they moved to Philadelphia, and he devoted sixteen years to temperance work as secretary of the Pennsylvania Temperance Union, and the last eight years as a district secretary of the National Temperance Society. From 1872 to 1888 they resided in Philadelphia, except one year at Harrisburg, and in the latter year they returned to New Hampshire, where Dr. Babcock has been preaching acceptably ever since.

In all this work Mrs. Babcock was a true help-mate, a model wife, a loving mother, and an earnest Christian. She was quiet and undemonstrative, but no one could spend any time in her home without feeling her true goodness. The writer of these lines has spent many a day and night in the home of Dr. Babcock and his sainted wife, both in New Hampshire and Pennsylvania, and never in all these years did he see her become ruffled or speak aught but kindly words of any one. Her two daughters—Miss Susie P. and Mrs. Mary Addie, wife of Rev. J. Roy Dinmore, of the New Hampshire Conference—have lost a mother whose memory, like her life, will be a benediction.

The fear of death left her, and she longed to go, and at 11.30 A. M., July 2, she entered the "sorrowless city." "May the peace of God that passeth understanding" be the blessing that shall abide with Dr. Babcock and his motherless girls!

C. H. MEAD.

**James.**—Mrs. Ellen James, aged 47, the wife of Mr. Alfred James, an official member of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Springfield, Mass., was suddenly translated, early on Friday morning, July 17, 1903, expiring in the arms of her husband.

Ill for many months, the iron will beneath a quiet exterior supported her to the last. Few knew her well, but those who did saw and admired the kind, patient and beautiful Christian spirit that was hers. Born in England, where she also was married, some twenty years ago, Mrs. James accompanied her husband to America. His interests were hers, and sacrifice for him and his three sons was sweet. Her devotion to her church was shown both by precept and example, while her constant personal faith was well expressed in the words, "Anywhere with Jesus"—the first she uttered after undergoing a severe operation two years ago. Her pastor returned from his vacation to conduct the funeral services, Sunday afternoon, July 19, at her home, where the remains reposed amidst profuse floral tributes which attested the love of many, while the soul had returned to God, "in a divine chariot sweeping through the heavenly confines, its pathway well-nigh choked with flowers." For the twelfth time

since Conference the pastor has had similar occasion to express his faith, growing more and more sure and serene that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

Mrs. James is survived by her husband, Mr. Alfred James, by three sons—Edward, Charles and Gordon, who fortunately have had a mother's care and counsel during their younger years—and by her parents, brothers and sisters in England.

EUGENE M. ANTRIM.

**Fall.**—Mrs. Rebecca G. Fall was born in Malden, Mass., May 12, 1817, and died in her native town, April 12, 1903, at the advanced age of 85 years and 11 months.

She was the second oldest member of the Malden Centre Methodist Episcopal Church. Sarah O. Cox, the oldest member, still survives, slowly approaching the century mark.

Mrs. Fall was the oldest child of James and Mary Howard, who were the original founders of Centre Church; for it was in their house that the first sermon was preached, and Mr. Howard was chosen leader of the first class that was afterwards formed.

In 1837 she married George Hanson Fall, of Lebanon, Maine, and the couple settled in Malden, occupying a house together with Mr. and Mrs. Howard. In 1880 her husband died, at the age of 65, and from then on she lived with her son, George Howard Fall, until the time of her death.

Mrs. Fall was a distinctive home body. Her home was her world. Out of it she was lost and became at once a pilgrim and a stranger. She made intensely happy three successive homes: that of her father, that of her husband, and that of her son. Into all three she brought the light of God. She never doubted about religion, or even reasoned about it. Her Saviour, her blessed Jesus, had died for her. That was enough. The great verities of religion she accepted without question, and the tears would stream down her face when she spoke of them to others. At all times and seasons she was ready to tell the story of Jesus and His love. Her friends and dear ones who had passed on before were to her living, immortal beings. Her favorite verse was, "Friends fondly cherished have passed on before," etc.

Her son and his wife and five grandchildren mourn a saint who never spoke to them an unkind word, and who, although ever at home and in the house, seemed to be pointing the way to heaven.

G. H. F.

**Roberts.**—Mrs. Mary Dearborn Roberts was born, March 4, 1823, at Waterville, Maine, and died, June 3, 1903, at Biddeford, Maine.

Her maiden name was Nichols, and, her mother dying during her infancy, she was bound out, until she should become of age, to Joseph Foster, of Winslow. When nine or ten years old she moved with the family to Dixfield, where she remained until November of 1845, when she was given her time and went to Saco to work in the factory. Here she met Charles H. Roberts, of Parsonsfield, to whom she was married, May 13, 1852, by Elder Bathrick (Free Baptist), the Methodist minister being away at the time. Six children were the fruit of this union, three of whom survive her: Mrs. C. C. Tibbetts (Luella), Miss Mabelle G. Roberts, and Mrs. Wm. Thompson (Ida). There are also two grandchildren—Miss Grace Tibbetts and Roger Thompson. Her husband, a prominent official

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of the Foss Street Methodist Episcopal Church, died Oct. 1, 1898, after she had enjoyed with him forty-six years of married life.

Mrs. Roberts was converted when about fifteen years of age, while living at Dixfield, where she was baptized. After her removal to Saco she joined the small company of Methodists, and later became a charter member of the Biddeford society, continuing one of its most faithful and devoted members until her translation. A stirring missionary appeal by Mrs. A. C. Trafton, at a camp-meeting held at Old Orchard in the summer of 1877, kindled in her heart a consuming zeal for missionary work, and through her persistent efforts the Biddeford auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was organized, Sept. 3, 1877, which she served as president for four years. Since 1891 she has been treasurer, and through her untiring labors the society has been kept alive nearly twenty-six years, and woman's missionary work not allowed to cease in Foss Street Church. Time, strength and money were freely given to this loved cause to near her heart. By her gifts she became a life member and an honorary manager of the New England Branch. From time to time other gifts were bestowed, and a legacy of a thousand dollars was left to the beloved work. The last service she attended, on the Sunday afternoon previous to her death, was a missionary meeting at the Saco Church. She was also a member of and worker in the Woman's Home Missionary Society.

Mrs. Roberts was faithful to all church obligations, and in every relation of life. Like her Lord, her disposition was to minister, not to be ministered unto. Wonderfully preserved in physical strength and mental clearness, she seemed much younger than she was, until one day, without warning, she ceased to labor and to live, and was not, for God had taken her. The large attendance of grief-stricken people at her funeral attested the fact that the community appreciated and loved this noble Christian woman. The services occurred Saturday afternoon, June 6, conducted by Rev. Charles W. Bradlee, her pastor for six years, assisted by Rev. John R. Clifford, pastor of Foss St. Church. C. W. BRADLEE.

Lee. — Mrs. Mary S. Lee, widow of Nathan Lee, of Moultonboro, N. H., died in Portland, Me., July 12, 1903. She was born in Westbrook, Me., in January, 1833, the second daughter of Joseph and Tabitha (Darling) Babb.

Mrs. Lee was of good Methodist descent. Her grandmother, Mrs. Margaret Babb, was a member of the first Methodist class organized in Westbrook in 1815 — the foundation of the Saccarappa Methodist Episcopal Church. A goodly number of her descendants are still loyal to the same faith.

When Mrs. Lee was ten years of age she came to Portland to live with her aunts, the Misses Darling, who were members of Dr. Dwight's (Third Parish) church. She attended meeting and Sunday-school with them, and in a few years united with that church, and was a member of the choir for a number of years. When the great Portland fire of 1866 swept away her aunt's home and business, she returned to her father's house; and her church being also destroyed and the members scattered, she transferred her membership to the Chestnut St. Methodist Episcopal Church.

She was married to Mr. Nathan Lee in September, 1872, and lived for some years on a farm in New Hampshire; and though she found there no church of her own faith, she was always ready for service among any body of Christians. After the death of her husband, in 1883, Mrs. Lee returned to Portland, and, living in the western part of the city, she cast her lot with the Pine St. Church, remaining a faithful and elect member to the day of her death.

The two strongest elements in Mrs. Lee's character were her cheerful trust in her Heavenly Father and her unselfish ministry for others. She saw friends, home, fortune, swept away, but no murmur or complaint fell from her lips. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy

sight;" and serenely she took up the many burdens laid upon her. She dearly loved her sisters and nieces, and was never weary of performing many little acts that would give them pleasure. Next to her friends she loved her church, ever seeking its highest good. As long as her health permitted, she was found in her place at the Sunday service and at the weekly social meetings, and her simple testimonies showed the growth of a steadfast Christian character.

During the past year Mrs. Lee saw many weeks of feebleness and often of severe suffering, but it was endured "as seeing Him who is invisible;" and on a pleasant Sabbath evening in July her life on earth ended, and she reached the haven where she so earnestly desired to be.

She leaves three sisters — Mrs. M. A. Better, of Westbrook, Miss Martha D. Babb, and Mrs. Charles J. Clark, of Portland. "Aunt Mary" will not soon be forgotten by her loving and beloved nieces.

The funeral services were conducted by her pastor, Dr. J. F. Haley, at Pine St. Church, July 14. The burial was at Evergreen Cemetery.

A. P. B.

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## Editorial

Continued from Page 1012

and help for the negro race. If these parents can maintain such an attitude, surely the white race ought more generally to do it.

— Bishop Foss and family have been stopping for some days at the Grand View Hotel, Annisquam.

— Rev. Thomas L. Paulson, D. D., pastor of the Methodist Church at Lawrence, Long Island, N. Y., is stopping for a few days in Boston.

— Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D. D., of New York city, will preach at the First Church, Temple St., this city, Sunday, Aug. 16.

— Rev. A. P. Knell, of Brooklyn, N. Y., a member of the New York East Conference, called at this office on Monday on his way to Golden Ridge, Maine, for a short vacation.

— Rev. Davis W. Clark, D. D., of Cincinnati, who stands as a model of the best type of success as a presiding elder, and who is stopping with his family at Annisquam, called at this office on Monday.

— Rev. Dr. S. W. Gehrett, of Centenary Church, Philadelphia, called at this office on Monday. With his family he has been at the Beachcroft, East Gloucester, for two weeks, and they go to York Beach, Thursday, for a fortnight.

— Rev. Dr. J. W. Johnston, of John St. Church, Brooklyn, who spends his summers at Cottage City, dropped into the HERALD office on Monday. We were gratified to learn that he has just completed the last chapter of another novel. Dr. Johnston is becoming a standard author with us.

— Rev. Daniel Dorchester, D. D., of Christ Church, Pittsburg, Pa. (who preached Sunday morning at the Methodist Church, Newtonville, to the great delight of the congregation), called at this office on Monday. With his family, he is summering at Cottage City.

— It is announced that Rev. Dr. R. R. Meredith has accepted a call to the Belleville Avenue Congregational Church, Newark, N. J., a comparatively new, strong and influential though not a large church. Dr. W. H. Ward, of the Independent, is a member of this church, of which Dr. William Rice, now secretary of the Congregational Ministerial Relief Society, was pastor until recently.

— Mrs. Maria L. Crafts, widow of Rev. F. A. Crafts, of the New England Southern Conference, died, Thursday morning, Aug. 6, at the home of her son, Mr. Geo. E. Crafts, in Milton, aged 80 years. She was buried beside her husband at Westerly, R. I., Aug. 8. Mrs. Crafts leaves four sons: Rev. Wilbur F., of Washington, D. C.; F. H., of Rochester, N. Y.; George E., of Milton, Mass.; and Albert B., of Westerly, R. I.

— Two lectures in the very able and important courses at the Harvard Summer School of 1903 are given by Prof. Ashley H. Thorndike, Ph. D., on "Outlines of English Literature" and "English Literature of the Nineteenth Century," from the publication of the lyrical ballads to the death of Tennyson. Dr. Thorndike compresses a vast amount of carefully-prepared information and critical observation into these lectures. His style is humorous and forcible. He is the son of Dr. E. R.

Thorndike, of Trinity Church, Charlestown, and occupies the chair of English in Northwestern, succeeding Dr. Pearson.

— Rev. G. H. Spencer, of Saratoga St. Church, East Boston, desires us to state that the interviews with him about the Allen affair published in the daily press, are wholly fictitious. He gave no interviews. Mr. Spencer saw but one reporter, and to him stated only that "it would be improper for him to give to the press a personal letter written to him by Mr. W. S. Allen because he was the latter's pastor." Mr. Spencer referred the reporter to Mr. A. R. Weed, attorney-at-law, who had prepared a statement for the press.

— Rev. Abner H. Lucas, D. D., pastor of Trinity Methodist Episcopal Church, Albany, has been chosen by the editor, Rev. Dr. Daniel L. Rader, associate editor of the *Daily Christian Advocate*, the organ of the General Conference at Los Angeles, Cal., during May, 1904. Though hundreds of letters have been received by the editor applying for the position, or commending some one for it, Dr. Lucas has been selected without solicitation on his part, or that of his friends, because of the editor's knowledge of his superior fitness for the position.

— Hon. William E. Dodge, the well-known New York millionaire and philanthropist, and the son of a father distinguished on both sides of the Atlantic for good works, died at his summer home at Bar Harbor last Saturday at the age of 71 years. As a business man he was interested especially in mining and manufacturing enterprises. He was chairman of the National Committee of Arbitration, president of the Evangelical Alliance, and a member of the New York Academy of Sciences and of a number of other associations and clubs. Mr. Dodge closely followed in the footsteps of his father, whose gifts to charity were said to exceed those of any other citizen of the metropolis. Until he declined longer to hold the position, he was a director in the United States Steel Corporation.

— In the Methodist Episcopal Church at Merrimacport, at high noon, on Thursday, July 30, Rev. J. Purman Shook and Miss Judith S. Rowell were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed, in the presence of relatives and friends, by Dr. M. D. Buell, assisted by Rev. W. B. Locke, of Colebrook, N. H., and Rev. C. W. Dockrill, pastor of the local church. The groom is a graduate of Boston University in both Arts and Theology, a member of Philadelphia Conference, and pastor of Front St. Church, Philadelphia. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Rowell, of Merrimacport, an active member of the church and for some time president of the Epworth League. Mr. and Mrs. Shook will reside at 1228 Hancock St., Philadelphia, where they will be at home after Aug. 14.

— Rev. Henry H. Martin, a superannuate member of the New England Southern Conference, living at East Thompson, Conn., passed to his reward, Aug. 1. He was born in Turner, Me., July 6, 1830. While conducting a shoe store in Stoughton, near Brockton, Mass., when about twenty-five years old, he attended revival meetings conducted by Evangelist Earle, and was converted. He joined the Brockton Church, from which he received his license to preach. He studied for the ministry at Kent's Hill. Joining the Maine Conference in 1859, he was transferred in 1860 to the Providence (now New England Southern) Conference and stationed at Plymouth. He held a good line of appointments, doing faithful and effective work until he took a superannuate relation at the last Conference. The funeral was held Wednesday, Aug. 5, conducted by

Presiding Elder Bartholomew, assisted by Revs. J. H. James and E. M. Anthony. A suitable obituary of this worthy minister will appear in due season.

## BRIEFLETS

The HERALD realizes that, while some of its constituency may read less during the summer months, the great majority read much more than at any other season of the year. The editorial management tries, therefore, to measurably meet this urgent and variant need. Special attention is called in this connection to the variety and strength of our contribution pages.

Later revelations of the Allen embezzlement, all of which indicate that his transactions and business manipulations for years with trust funds have been even more fraudulent and rascally than first appeared, show that, as treasurer of the Methodist Historical Society, he made way with most of its funds, amounting to some \$10,000.

Bishop Candler, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, according to a contemporary, said recently: "Your religious literature underlies all your church work. Its circulation is, therefore, a matter of vital importance."

The *Wesleyan* of Halifax, Nova Scotia, makes this important comment in the last issue: "John Fletcher's personal Greek Testament, with his own signature, is among the archives of Methodism in the library of Mount Allison University. This is a fact that the Methodist Historical Societies in Canada and the United States might well note."

The following note from a representative Methodist was received after the editorial on another page upon "Unmitigated Embezzlement" was written:

"I am pained beyond expression to read this morning of the defalcation of our friend Allen; but aside from any sorrow that a good man has gone wrong, I wish to add my protest against the continuance of a policy so unbusinesslike that makes it possible for the church to lose a vast amount of money through the unfaithfulness of its trusted servant. When I am entrusted with the funds of a corporation I am compelled to give bonds at the start, and that is what should be done with every treasurer of every fund of every society in the church. We learn by experience, but this is a very costly one to the New England Conference; and if this policy is to be continued, the church should know it, as the money is safer in the pockets of the people than in the hands of a society. There is too much sentiment allowed in matters religious, and not enough plain, practical business. Pardon me for troubling you, but it was inside and had to come out, and you will probably hear from others who feel as I do."

The loss of two barges off Montauk during the recent storm, and the loss of five lives from the foundering of another barge between Barnegat and Fire Island, calls attention anew to the danger attending the towing of coal-laden and other barges by tugs along the Atlantic coast, even in summer. In winter, of course, the perils of the deep are greatly increased. It is high time that Congress should pass stringent laws governing this sort of traffic, requiring barges to be of new and improved pattern, if used at all, forbidding the overloading of any such boats, and imposing such other rules and restrictions as may be deemed advisable by experts. When will some American Plimsoll arise to compel Congress to befriend the seafaring man by proper legislation in his behalf?

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